



# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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AUGUST, 1915

No. 10



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL  
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF  
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



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### AS SUNS OF AUGUST BURN

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The suns of August scorch the yellow grain,  
And pale, the hills are wrapped in whiten'd haze;  
Like islands float the groves above the plain,  
From skies unclouded comes the lambent blaze;  
The roads are blinding in the floods of light,  
The suns are followed with the burning moons,  
Each day but dies to bring as rich a night,  
And at the dawning night in languor swoons.  
The far earth-rim that with the haze is cross'd,  
This glowing landscape that is lying near,  
One seems my life within the vanish'd past,  
The other as the fervid moments here:  
My soul to feast unto this present turns,  
And love within my heart as August burns!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.





FAVORED UTAH, HOME, WE LOVE THEE,  
"With thy lakes; and crystal rivers sleeping on the plain,  
Or with everlasting music, plunging down the main."

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## Gratitude

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BY A MISSIONARY SON

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[The following letter from a missionary in Europe was handed to the IMPROVEMENT ERA by a friend of his parents. We recommend that the letter be read by all, and more particularly by young men and young women. Children will do well to express their appreciation while their parents are still alive, and not wait to laud their virtues after they have gone. Honor to parents is not only one of God's first laws, but the first law with a promise.—EDITORS.]

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: I recall with great pleasure that the 8th of next month will be your wedding anniversary, and that then you will have trodden life's pathway together for thirty-three years. Your lives have undoubtedly become so completely interwoven, as the result of living together for so many years, that they now seem as one. You have become so used to living for each other, and both for your children, that you have rarely had time to think of yourselves, of your personal needs and desires.

During your wedded life you have fulfilled God's most important commandment by bringing eight intelligent souls to this world. Every one of these children is blessed with a sound mind and body, a condition which is not the result of chance. I, of course, credit these valuable gifts to the mercy of God, but they are only possible because of your high regard and love for each other. My whole being is filled with profoundest love, gratitude and respect for you who have so nobly lived.

Many parents consider that they have done their whole duty toward their children by feeding and clothing them, and by giving them a place of shelter until they are old enough to take care of themselves. But this was never true of you. You have always considered the happiness and well-being of your children above everything else. In your wisdom you have sometimes done things

which were beyond our understanding as children and which we were possibly opposed to, but later on, if not openly, we have silently thanked you for every step you have taken. It has always been your aim to make home attractive, and not merely a place where we could eat, sleep and fight. You have reasoned with us and shown us the better way with the hope in your hearts that we might act correctly for ourselves.

Home is really the dearest place on earth to me, and you have made it so. Your best efforts and means have been expended to make home a place of enjoyment, culture and love. Why is it that so many neighbors' children come to our home to play croquette, to play the piano or organ, or to listen to the phonograph? Simply because you have made our home a paradise on earth. It is not because you are rich that we have such a home. No; you have made home what it is at the cost of great sacrifices, through long, hard hours and years of toil. This was your life, your joy, your all.

But this was not enough. You considered it your duty to see that your children were better fitted for the battles of life than were you. That which has been good enough for you has not been good enough for your children. You have bent all of your energies to plant within the hearts of every one of us faith and trust in the Lord, which to you must be the corner stone, the foundation, of all our training, study and education. You have made it possible for us to attend good schools, although you have needed our help so badly at home, and although you have seldom known where the means would come from. But you have acted with your trust in God, knowing that the wish of your souls would be granted. Doubtless you have often looked back and marveled how it was all accomplished. We in our thoughtlessness have often held the idea that when we needed money all we had to do was to go to father. Now I begin to see the struggle that life has been for you, but I suppose that I can never fully realize what you have done for us, without having the same experience.

I speak of these things as if they were incidents of the past, but I do not mean them as such. Those noble desires of your dear hearts, those sacrifices and hours of toil are real today; they exist now. You are still struggling and fighting for your children. Your chief desire still is that they may become well fitted for life and its responsibilities; and, above all, that they may be God-fearing men and women. It is with pain that I often think of the struggle I am causing you, right today. In addition to taking care of those now at home and at school, you are under the necessity of supplying me with money. But still you have never murmured nor complained.

I cannot tell you of the feeling which fills me when I think

of what you are doing and have done. It is with fear and trembling that I look upon the future, for it is so easy to mar the work you have so gloriously begun. It is my deepest desire that we all live lives that will bring joy and happiness to you. Far be it from us to cause you unhappiness or sorrow. God stay us by.

May our heavenly Father lengthen your years, and may he crown your days with joy and happiness. May your harvest be rich and golden, and may you live to see your aims and ideals realized.

YOUR GRATEFUL SON.

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### Longing for Home

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Unto me, through the open casement,  
Floats an odor of faint perfume,  
The breath of awakening blossoms,  
Pervading my quiet room.

And below, down there in the garden,  
Are great, bright-winged butterflies,  
All sipping the wonderful nectar  
That deep in each fairy heart lies.

Though the glorious benediction  
Of nature is everywhere,  
Yet my heart, withal, madly pulses,—  
It may not the wonderment share.

For ne'er doth the cadence of voices,  
To me so beloved, so well known,  
Beguile with that mystical gladness  
That hallows the meaning of home.

Home! home! Through this world though we wander,  
Our eyes turn with longing to you.  
Home! home! where our childish petitions  
Were lisped in faith, fervent and true.

Home! home! where a mother is waiting  
To clasp you once more to her breast,  
There to lie passive and peaceful,—  
Oh, haven of infinite rest!

Home! home! oh! it lines the feet upward,  
For heaven, me thinks, would be lone,  
Without the loved faces and voices  
That gather around us at home.

GRACE INGLES FROST.



# Rafting Over Green River

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BY IDA STEWART PEAY

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One spring, a few years ago, two young engineers, brothers, took a government contract to survey the country known as Brown's Park, in northeastern Utah. This part of the state acquired considerable fame, under the nick-name of "Robber's Roost," and is a wild, mountainous, unsettled region which for dangerous, difficult traveling could hardly be surpassed.

These two engineers, with a party of twenty-two men, reached the Green River when that turbulent stream was booming with the flood waters of late spring. To facilitate the work, one of the engineers took ten of the men, and half of the teams and wagons, and began to work down the stream; while the other engineer was to complete all the measuring on the south side of the river.

Accordingly, the younger brother, Boss Jack, as he was familiarly and affectionately called by his men, surveyed east about twenty miles of the roughest country he had ever traversed; then, having finished his work adjacent to the banks, and being near the ferry, crossed with his men and outfit to the other side of Green River. Surveying back along the north side of the stream, he finally came to a point where he decided to make permanent camp, intending to get into communication, if possible, with his brother, whom he expected was somewhere in this vicinity on the other side of the river.

By this time, the elder brother, who also answered to a pet name—Boss Boe—had completed his assignment of labor, and was ready to join his partner on the north of the Green, where, in range after range of towering, precipitous mountains, lay the greater part of their contract work.

After many trial bon-fires, and numerous hazardous trips down the perpendicular ridges which formed the banks, the brothers managed, at last, to locate each other. Anxious to reunite their forces as quickly as possible, the two parties lined up at the edge of the stream, on their respective sides, and began to try to make plans to cross the foaming water.

The river at this point was about a quarter of a mile wide, and a roaring torrent. However, by calling to the top of their voices they were able to exchange a short conversation. Boss Boe, on the south side of the stream, was the first to shout a question.

"What kind of a road to the ferry?" he yelled.



After the inquiry had been fairly screamed about one dozen times the answer came back faintly,

"No road at all—ridges, dugways and death-traps."

"How long will it take to make the trip to you?" next called Boss Boe. Many times the question was lost in the roar of the river but eventually it was, perhaps, partly heard, partly guessed, for the reply, also yelled by many voices, finally reached them,

"Seven days."

The engineer on the south side of the stream made some rapid calculations. He figured that it would take him about two days to build a raft and float himself, party and outfit across the stream, and surely it could not be much more dangerous than the circuitous route around the ridge-ribbed banks to the ferry. Besides, to raft over would save him five days of time and two hundred fifty dollars in money—his party's expenses being fifty dollars per day.

"Why not build a raft and raft over?" he suddenly asked his men.

"Just the thing," they responded, enthusiastically. They were nearly all boys between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one and seemed ready and anxious for the novel experience. In the space of a few minutes Boss Boe had shouted again across the booming water.

"I'll raft over," he called, and the word came back,

"We'll help all we can."

So the two parties, only half realizing what a perilous task they were undertaking, began to prepare. The party on the south side of the river, headed by Boss Boe, set to work, first of all, to construct a raft. None of them were versed in ship- or boat-craft, but they were scouts, and determined to be willing and resourceful. Many large logs, which had drifted down the river and been washed ashore, were scattered along the bank. These, of course, had been water soaked, but, having dried out, the young engineer thought they would serve his purpose well enough. They were, therefore, hurriedly collected and nailed together and, also, securely bound by half-inch ropes. The raft when finished was twelve feet square, with two layers of logs, the top layer being laid cross-ways of those on the bottom. Eleven oars or, more correctly speaking, paddles, were next roughly hewn from the fallen trees, so that every man in the party could help steer the craft.

Now the new structure was launched by its proud and excited builders upon the big river, being quickly and safely tied to near-by trees by great ropes to hold it in place until it was loaded.

As the building of the big boat had taken until dark the hazardous trip across was scheduled for the following day. When morning came the young engineer and his men were out early. Before the sun was an hour high they had their craft loaded, every-

thing being soundly lashed and bound to the logs in case the water for any unforeseen reason should sweep the deck.

When all was in readiness, the horses, about ten in number, were driven into the water that they might be compelled to swim across first. Before they had gone a dozen yards the ground slipped from under their feet and they began to swim. They moved along easily enough until they struck the current towards the middle of the stream; this proved to be so terribly swift that the horses were quickly in a panic. The leaders whirled and started back. Instantly, the engineer and his men began to throw rocks and shout at them threateningly. The frightened beasts turned about but becoming bewildered began to mill. When horses begin to mill it is usually considered a fatal procedure. It certainly chilled the ardor of the young scouts to see their dumb friends swimming desperately around and around in a hopeless circle. But, now, the other engineer, who was waiting on the north bank with his party, ready to do anything necessary to help in the venture, brought a bunch of horses to the edge of the stream as a bait. The horses on shore who were expected to lure their companions over seemed to realize their mission, for suddenly a fine mare, mate to the leader in the water, raised her head high and neighed plaintively. Then as if in compliance to her call the horse in the water made a last mighty effort, lunged into the middle of the current, was swept quickly downward but persistently pressed forward and soon, with the whole band close at his heels, reached the opposite shore.

This little incident gave the venturesome young men some idea of the force of that boiling stream but, considering they had gone too far to turn back,—especially since they were now without horses—they stripped off their clothes, to be prepared for any accident, strapped them to the raft, and cut the ropes.

As the log-craft swung into the dark, muddy, seething, flood-waters of the Green River, eleven solemn-faced boys,—none of them were much more than boys even including the engineer—seized their oars and began to paddle for dear life.

Before the ropes were cut, it had seemed like it might not be such a great task for eleven men to row that tiny craft the quarter of a mile across the stream, but, now, that they were being pushed and swayed by the occasional eddies that swerved from the great central current, they all began to wonder ominously what the next few minutes would bring to them. Before launching, the banks for some distance had been reconnoitered and the spot they had just left selected because it was fully a mile above the rapids. This thought was now in the minds of all, for though they rowed vigorously the little craft sagged slowly but surely down the stream. The young scouts redoubled their efforts, but when they neared the great river's middle current, they were transfixed with

awe and horror as they got a close view of that head-long, rushing, roaring central torrent.

Suddenly they were caught in its mighty grasp! In a flash the small craft shot down stream as if it had been a mere chip. Every boy paled to the lips, every paddle dipped desperately, if vainly, into the swollen waters, every heart was moaning.

"And the rapids not a mile below us!"

In that awful, fear-enthraling moment the engineer, who had undertaken this feat, became the pilot. With marvelous calm he looked around at his men. He knew something was wrong, though every man was rowing with all his power. Great beads of sweat stood out on every brow. In an instant the pilot took in the situation. There were four men among the crew who could not swim. And those who could swim—what chance would they have against that ruthless current? It was inevitable they were panic stricken; every man was rowing not with but against his neighbor! The little raft was actually spinning around, first one corner then another was dipping deeply into the angry, undulating water, the cargo was rapidly becoming soaked. Loudly, sternly Boss Boe spoke to his men calling their attention to the difficulty, and soon they were all stroking together again, frenziedly, it is true, but more hopefully. With their efforts united they managed to steer the craft into the middle of the river, but still they were being borne down, down, down to what seemed certain destruction.

The other engineer, Boss Jack, and his party, on the opposite shore, were waiting and watching with bated breath. In Boss Jack's party were also eleven men; and these were scattered along the bank for a considerable distance. Each man was stripped of his clothes, to be prepared for any possible emergency, and each held two or three long, heavy inch-ropes ready to throw out to the rafters to help them land. When Boss Jack saw the raft swing into the current, and in spite of the strenuous paddling of its eleven steerers, start head-long down the stream towards the rapids, he was almost beside himself. Catching a mule, he jumped upon its back and whipped the beast on to the run; dashing down the bank, until even with the racing raft, he urged the animal far out into the water and threw a rope. The frightened rafters missed the rope, and as the other end of it was held by the men on shore it flipped quickly back and wrapped around the mule and rider just as they, having gone beyond their depth, suddenly dropped out of sight. A moan of horror escaped those on the raft, and those on shore, as they saw the younger engineer, tangled up in the rope with the mule, go to the bottom. There was a tense moment, then the brave young transit-man, fighting like a trojan, rose to the surface and, extricating himself from the rope in some miraculous way, struck out determinedly and with all haste for the shore. In another minute the mule was following. As soon as Boss Jack



touched foot to solid earth, without wasting a thought on his own narrow escape, he rushed frantically on down the stream.

The other men on shore had been running energetically after the hurrying raft constantly throwing out ropes, but thus far every rope had been missed. When Boss Jack was even with the rafters, he threw again and this time some fellow caught the rope. A loud hurrah went up from twenty-two throats, but the rejoicing was of short duration. Quicker than one could wink the lad who had seized the rope was yanked off into the water, so swift was the river's raging current. The boy in the water happened to be one of the four who could not swim; he floundered and gasped, then began to sink.

"Hang on to the rope!" commanded the men on land, and as the young man did so with commendable tenacity, he was quickly pulled to shore by eager, trembling hands.

Another rope was now thrown out by those who were racing wildly on down the bank. Again it was caught. This time as before, the man catching it was jerked instantly into the stream, and he, too, was hauled to safety. In this way ten men were rescued from the madly hurrying raft, and only the engineer, Boss Boe, remained.

By this time the old drift logs were water-soaked again, and the ill-fated craft was slowly but surely sinking. The lone transit-man was standing knee-deep in water. The breathless runners on the bank now threw a rope to him which he succeeded in grasping, but he, too, was plunged into the boiling river. As the raft was dangerously near the rapids, those on shore were relieved and rejoiced to have him in the water and began to pull him in as they had the others, but to their amazement and to the dismay of the younger brother, he let loose of the rope and swam back to the raft. To the shouts of the men and especially to the pleadings of his partner, Boss Boe called,

"Fifteen hundred dollars worth of property on this raft. Throw me another rope!"

"Can't you see the rapids are only a hundred yards below you?" cried Boss Jack, running into the edge of the water to throw a rope.

Boss Boe looked down the stream and nodded grimly as he deliberately stooped and braced himself between some piles on the raft, so the next rope he caught would not pull him off. He lifted his head in time to grab the rope his brother had just thrown. There was a breathless silence as the engineer was jerked roughly forward; but suddenly a wild shout of "bravo" rent the air, as he raised himself up, every muscle tense with the strain, as by the force of a desperate purpose he hung on to the rope and stuck to the raft.

As he quickly tied the rope to his sinking craft a dozen men

hurried to wrap the other end of it around a giant tree on the land. But alas, just as soon as the rope was taut, though it was half as big around as a man's wrist, it snapped in two like a twine string—and the runaway raft went madly on.

For a brief second horror stupefied the men on shore. Boss Boe's younger brother was fairly paralyzed; but, rallying his stunned senses, he seized another rope and ran into the water imploring wildly as he threw it,

"Get off that raft, this instant! You're in the edge of the rapids. No man can swim them. We'd tear you to pieces on the rocks if we tried to pull you out. Let the stuff go! Jump!" he shouted. "For the love of heaven, save your life!"

"Jump! Save your life!" yelled all the men on shore, as they stumbled and pitched onward to keep up with the raft.

Suddenly every man stopped running. Boss Jack halted one tick of the clock, in the edge of the water, then straightened himself out and began to swim towards the current and his brother.

The raft had struck the first rock in the rapids!

Just as it did so, the man who wouldn't "give up the ship" caught the last rope thrown him. With the command to jump ringing in his ears and the craft jarring against the rock, he braced himself as before, and with a superhuman effort held his place on the raft while he hung on to the rope and fastened it. Then raising a determined face he shouted:

"Keep the ropes coming!"

The water-soaked, sinking raft was now displacing about three hundred forty feet of water and was traveling at the rate of ten feet per second. It struck the rock—which was far below the surface of the stream—with such force that it slid upon it, where, for some unaccountable reason, it caught and hung a moment or two, dipping deeply first one way then the other with the lashing of the thwarted current. During this brief interval, the plucky pilot caught and tied eleven ropes which were hastily secured to big pines by the men on the shore.

By this time, helped over the center current by the ropes, the younger engineer had reached the raft and, clamoring on to it, raised up beside the gritty sailor. The eyes of twenty men on shore suddenly moistened as they saw him gratefully grasp the hand of his beloved partner brother.

To be sure they were not out of danger, for any moment the treacherous current might sweep the raft from the rock and snap the ropes, but they felt a momentary safety. Falling swiftly to work the brothers unloosed from the improvised boat the most valuable of their possessions and started by means of the ropes for the north bank. The men of the party, divining their purpose, struck out, also by the ropes, to help. In a shorter space of time than one could credit, the raft was unloaded.

Just as the last man was safe on shore, the current hurled the soaked logs from the security of the rock, and every one turned toward the river intent upon seeing what straining powers the ropes would exert. For a few seconds they held, then as a mighty central current sucked and tugged venomously, they snapped one by one like so many threads, and the abandoned craft went reeling and thudding cumbrously down through the tearing, foaming, writhing rapids.

A sigh of relief escaped the pale lips of these young scouts who were much wiser now than they were a few hours before. Of course, the blisters, from heels to chin, on every mother's son of them, whose naked bodies had been exposed to the water and sun for eight unmerciful hours, have nothing to do with the rafting over Green River, even if they did keep the incident fresh in the minds of those boys for many days to come.

PROVO, UTAH

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### When Ends the Reign of Thor?

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When ends the reign of Thor,  
 Deity of demon war?  
 Not till the cup of Meribah be drained,  
 E'en to the dregs of its last bitter drop,  
     Will aught e'er stay  
 The crimson flood whose hellish maelstrom-whirl  
 Would fain sweep from the earth, the race away.

When ends the reign of Thor,  
 Deity of demon war?  
 When in the mind of man no longer lives  
 The greed for gain, a lust for mundane pow'r,  
     (The genius of strife)  
 No more will belch the curse of cannon forth,  
 Nor clash of sabers crossed be longer rife.

Then ends the reign of Thor,  
 Deity of demon war!  
 For aye, will be their swords to plowshares turned,  
 And Peace, upon the dais of the world,  
     Weld close and strong  
 The bands of universal brotherhood,  
 And Right prevail where long hath triumphed Wrong.

So will end the reign of Thor,  
 Deity of demon war,  
 Whom, as in days of yore,  
 Nations bend knee before.

GRACE INGLES FROST



# The Lord's Prayer\*

BY BERTHA ECCLES WRIGHT, OF THE WEBER STAKE, UTAH

The belief in the universal Fatherhood of God has been called the world-wide creed. If this be so, prayer is the world-wide form of worship. For there never has been found a race or tribe that did not believe in some god, or did not, in some way, pray. The heathens pray, bowing to gods of wood and stone. The children of the desert worshiped the sun and the stars, and unto them offered prayers. The children of the faithful have ever been marked by their belief and power in prayer. This was true from the time when Abel stood by the first offering and, confessing his sins, besought divine mercy; from the long years of Enoch's and Noah's lives, made blessed by their prayerful habit; from the ancient days of the Patriarch Abraham who builded an altar unto Jehovah, in each new home; and from the deep, heart-felt prayers of Moses for the children of Israel.

The great periods of the people of God have ever been times of prayerful devotion, and eras of prayerful men. Then why should we not have a model prayer? A pattern, so to speak? And who best fitted to give that prayer but Christ, our example in all things good and grand? So, many years ago, in his Sermon on the Mount, Jesus taught his disciples this prayer:



MRS. BERTHA ECCLES WRIGHT

"Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, Amen."

\*This oration took first place in the grand finals of the Senior speaking contest, M. I. A. conference, June, 1915.

Where could we find a prayer more beautiful, yet so plain and simple, and so complete? A prayer of so few words, yet covering all the needs of men? One that made its influence felt long ago on Judea's hills, and passed right on down through the years and centuries of trials and tribulations, of joys and of happiness?

Take the words, "Our Father." Not, "your father," nor "my father," but "*Our Father*." Unselfishness expressed in the very beginning. Then, Father: something so tangible, so close to our every-day life. A word that brings us more in kinship with God Almighty, and makes us feel we are his children. He is our Father.

"Which art in heaven" distinguishes between our earthly father and the Father of our spirits.

"Hallowed be thy name." A phrase that reveres, honors and glorifies God. We all think, or should think, much of the name given us by our mortal fathers, and we try to honor it, and live to be a credit to it. And yet how few of us realize the importance of glorifying the name of our God, the Giver of all, and living a life of credit to him. How many take the name of our Lord in vain, using it lightly and often times in such a way that it would cause us to burn with anger, were it so used of our earthly father.

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven." Will it not be glorious to have our earth as heaven? Or as we believe it to be, his kingdom here, and all done as he wills it? No vice, no hatred, nor contention; but peace, joy and happiness, and that divine love for all humanity that Christ alone displayed.

"Give us this day our daily bread." Here we have other beautiful truths. One, that we may go to the Father for more than spiritual blessings. Go to him for all that is necessary for our temporal welfare. And here, again, it is not for me alone or for you, but for all. Neither is it for one to have his wants supplied through the sufferings of others.

Next we have, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Here we ask for pardon; for forgiveness for our transgressions and imperfections. But only in the degree that we forgive. Do we ever stop to consider how little we forgive? And that our forgiveness from the Father need be no more, for Christ said, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses. If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you."

Then, "Lead [or leave] us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Man has ever had temptations; even Christ, the Son of God, had his. And so in his great understanding, he

asked that we might be given the wisdom and courage to face it and overcome it.

Last, the beautiful words of praise, adoration and acknowledgment: "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

Is this not a prayer to be remembered? Do you wonder that it has lived these many, many years, and that its wondrous influence has been the guide and strength to so many lives? Lives such as Luther, the poor miner's boy who sang in Germany's olden streets for money with which to buy his books, which later brought the countless blessings of the Reformation. He drew from this prayer his life's best strength. John Knox, reared amidst Scotland's heather, so learned the blessings of this prayer, that even his sentence to the galley ships could not cause him to give it up. Scotland's lads and lassies learned its power and sweetness from his lips, and so Scotland became free. Gustavus Adolphus made it a companion of his daily thoughts upon the battle-field, as he waged the war for Norway's and Sweden's freedom. And our own Washington and Lincoln drew comfort from it, in America's darkest hours.

Many are they that received power from this prayer, this our Savior's prayer. Good then, good now, good forever, for

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer."

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### Ode to Earth.

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O sun-kissed vales and lofty hills!  
Among thy rocks and whisp'ring rills  
I love to bide and ramble.  
Thy hidden wealth, thy treasured trove,  
May tempt the covetous there to rove  
And filthy lucre gamble.  
Suffice for me to sense thy worth  
In greater gifts, O Mother Earth.  
The teeming life of wood and fen,—  
The home of cricket, fox and wren—  
The sylvan glade, the purling brook,  
Speak wondrous words from Nature's book.  
Such marvels doth my eyes behold —  
Beshrew the thought of craving gold!  
Give praise to Providence above  
For scented field and leafy grove.

E. H. LUND



# Will the Golden Age of Peace Ever Come?\*

BY JOHN F. MILLER, OF POCATELLO STAKE, IDAHO

In the days when man fought against man, city against city and ruler against ruler; when the air was continually shaken by the clamor of war and the rumors of war, then it was that the war-wearied ones best loved to sit at the feet of the poets and hear of that time when there should be peace over all the world; when men should tend their flocks and reap their harvests, unafraid, and youth watch the silver moon rise over the sweet smelling

orchards; when the ear would not be afrighted by the screaming fife and groaning drum; when the song of the nightingale would make pleasant the night, and the hum of the busy bee make restful the golden noon.

Peace always speaks of gladness, rest, abundance and safety. War always bespeaks hardship, waste, sorrow and death. But the fabled Golden Age of Peace has only been a poet's dream.

Will the dream come true?

Man lives by his dreams. His thoughts are all that endure. When the work which he erects today in wood and stone has fallen to decay, the dreams of Columbus, Fulton, Stephenson and Edison will

still be bright and glorious. Through all the infinite ages past, man has kept himself alive, not by his strength, but by the dawn of what we call mind. In eating, drinking and fighting, man is common brother to the brutes. In physical strength they surpass him. By thought alone he has come thus far, and by thought alone he will continue to progress still farther.

Man has but one predominant passion, the will to live. From

\*This oration took first place in the grand finals of Advanced Senior public speaking contest, M. I. A. conference, June, 1915.



JOHN F. MILLER

this is born his two vital ideals—freedom and peace. He craves freedom that he may live his life in his own way, and develop his individuality after his own desire. Freedom is part of the instinct to live. He craves peace that he might enjoy life, and dream those dreams which sooner or later he makes come true. Peace is also part of the instinct to live. In the past centuries he has never failed in the accomplishment of the ideals which were vital and necessary to him; which were part of his instinct to live; and peace is surely the basic instinct of life. Therefore, I believe that universal peace will come, as surely as the heart continues its action in the breast of man.

Peace is the pervading hope of the human soul. It is in every philosophy, in all poetry and religion. The heaven of the American savage, of the fierce Viking, of the poetic Greek, of the imaginative Mohammedan—every heaven born out of the longings of man's heart is an abode of peace. He that thinks man has not struggled very far on the road to his ideal knows very little of human history. Whether one turn to Asia, Africa, Europe, or even to our own beloved America, he can find within the period of history that time when every stranger was an enemy, when every country was held by numerous feudal chiefs engaged in constant warfare, when every city was a walled fortification, and every province was hostile to its neighbor.

Picture that day, and this! Then property was insecure and trade stagnant. Cities were swept out of existence, the inhabitants massacred or sold as slaves, and their goods confiscated. You will see without argument that not only has there been a steady, tremendous insistence on peace, but that the greater advancement of mankind has been due to the greater peace of the world.

Why cannot the nations of the earth advance to still greater peace?

If the trial by combat between private individuals has fallen into disuse because of its folly, why cannot the trial by combat between nations be abandoned, because of its greater folly? There is no dispute settled by war but what could better be settled by peaceful means. The old theory of right triumphing by trial is erroneous. Might is not always right.

The law forbids the strong to trample on the weak, within the nation. What a precious blessing law is! But why, in the name of justice and reason, should the law not forbid the strong from wronging the weak, outside of the nation! If there were world-wide law as there is now national law, if each nation elected representatives, according to its population, to an international legislature, as our states elect representatives to the national legislature, and if these representatives had authority to regulate the affairs of the various nations, according to law and

order, the clash of resounding arms, and the sighs of untold thousands, would not be coming to our ears from across the mighty deep, at this hour.

The trouble with our present system is this: A nation, like an individual, becomes agitated over a proposition. Under present conditions, it is a law unto itself. There is no general law to cause it to stop for a moment and coolly consider matters. Passion takes the place of thought, and revenge crowds out reason. So in a moment of hot anger some act is committed which finally ends in destruction, suffering, and the death of the flower and youth of the nation, lost on the battle-field.

Only a short year ago there was almost world-wide peace. Prosperity, progress, and plenty were everywhere felt. The sages and philosophers were contemplating means whereby man could better his condition. Treaties were being arranged, through which peace could be assured. Inventions were never before so frequent. The shuttle of industry was singing its song of joy and gladness to a happy world. Mankind was fast becoming Godlike in his love of peace.

In far-off Austria a disordered brain conceived a murderous plan which the hand put into action. A trigger presses, a steel missile speeds on its way, carrying the death billet to an unsuspecting soul. Because of no general law, the killing of an Austrian Prince by a Servian subject, precipitates the death of hundreds and thousands of the very best men in the various nations of Europe. In a few short hours, happy, peace-loving, God-like mankind is transformed into a writhing, struggling, beast-like horde. The plow is forgotten, and the reaper left idle. The artist no longer pursues his course, nor the tradesman his way. The croon of the shuttle is lost in the groan of the wounded and dying, and the buzz of industry is drowned in the wail of the widow and orphan.

Oh! is man so deprived of reason that he must revert to brute force in order to settle his differences? Has he forgotten that mind is superior to muscle? Has he fallen completely from his ideal?

No!

True, the clouds of war hang dark and low, and its thunder rumbles loud; but remember that the darkest hour is always just before the dawn, and after this hideous night of despair will come the bright and beautiful dawn of peace.

In conclusion let me briefly repeat the reasons why I believe it will come:

First, man's predominant passion is to live, and peace is essential unto life.

Secondly, peace is the pervading hope of the human soul.

Thirdly, man has advanced from a time when every stranger

was an enemy, to the present, when there is national peace and safety.

Fourthly, there is no reason why general laws should not be made, thereby insuring world-wide peace.

And, lastly, the present great war shows most clearly that universal law and order is requisite to the best good of man.

The peace of the nations means the uplift of the masses; it means that burdens and shackles will fall from those who are weary and oppressed; it means that the human hives, undisturbed, will hum with industry, investigation; and a wholly new inspiration will be given to the life of man. New dreams will arise within him. There will be other and greater poets, other and greater heroes, and a higher uplift toward the true Godhood in man. Nation will join hand with nation, until the world will be encircled by the nations, each finding what is best in each, until there will be such an acceleration of human progress that no imagination can picture the glorious outcome.

With the countless ages yet before him; with his race fairly begun; with the leaden fetters of war and destruction shaken from his feet; with all the world mingling in amity and striving in peaceful rivalry; with all the powers of nature subdued to his bidding; and palaces, like visions of heaven, and fields, like fairyland, arising under his touch, man will be indeed a God, and life to all men beautiful.



M. I. A. SCOUTS HIKING ON MAPLE FLAT, NEAR PROVO, UTAH



# Pioneers and Pioneering in Southeastern Utah

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BY JOSEPH F. ANDERSON, DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE, MILLARD COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL

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## *In Two Parts—Part Two.*

In the whole West there is probably not a population standing unique, in so many respects, as does that of the San Juan country. It is the largest county in the State, but the most sparsely settled. It is the most isolated community in the state—Bluff being one hundred forty-seven miles from the railroad station at Thompson's Springs. But notwithstanding her isolation, she boasts being the wealthiest county per capita, in Utah, or, for that matter, in the whole West. Never have the civil authorities of San Juan county made any provision for paupers, for none have ever been present. No people are more ready to give help where help is needed, but the official hand of charity has never had to be extended to the strictly indigent. The saloon, which almost always has followed close in the wake of the first settler, has never been seen in San Juan. But the absence of the saloon seems not to have hindered in the least the splendid prosperity, the sober industry, the building of high ideals, and the growth of virile manhood and virtuous womanhood manifestly present in that far-off corner of Utah. Even such a thing as a licensed pharmacist, doing business in that county, is a thing unheard of. Nor has the matter of health ever been such a problem as to induce a physician to hang out his shingle in any of her towns. Not even a lawyer has ever settled in that territory to help the people settle their differences. San Juan has never boasted a newspaper with which to tell the rest of the world of her struggles and her triumphs. There is no such organ to voice her greatness and tell of her vast timber lands, her hundreds of thousands of acres of dry-farm lands, her stock ranges, her carnotite deposits, and her oil fields. Yet we find in those remote towns, modern homes, with bath rooms and water works, well kept yards and gardens, up-to-date public buildings, and a refinement and educational atmosphere that would do credit to those closer to the so-called civilized centers. One of the first houses built at Bluff was a combined meetinghouse and schoolhouse. The records at the Brigham Young University show that Bluff sends a greater percentage of its population to that institution than does any other community.

These things and others to be mentioned attest the calibre



#### UNRECLAIMED DRY-FARM LANDS IN SAN JUAN COUNTY

These are covered with a thrifty growth of native vegetation. The scene in the foreground illustrates the method of travel used by the pioneers in breaking the old "Mormon" trail.

and ideals of the men who, in the face of untold difficulties, laid the foundation of that growing empire. Such names as Lyman, Redd, Jones, Nielson, Hammond, Perkins and Smith will forever, in San Juan parlance, stand for backbone as well as wishbone.

Two of the stubborn problems with which these sturdy settlers had to do from the beginning were the greatly superior numbers of wild, nomadic Indians with which they were perpetually surrounded, and the constant tide of transients and outlaws. Bluff lay in the path of the latter, in the old thoroughfare leading all the way from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south.

The people of San Juan have many a thrilling story to tell of encounters with desperate whites and renegade Indians. Many a time have the men from the little towns of Bluff, Grayson, now called Blanding, and Monticello been called in pursuit of fugitive outlaws into the roughest parts of one of the roughest countries in the world. The whole West owes a debt of gratitude to the sterling border scouts who have rendered inestimable service in the interest of law and safety.

Mention will be made of one of the numerous services thus rendered, as an illustration of the dangers encountered. A band of notorious outlaws was being pursued from Bluff by Lem. H. Redd, Hyrum Perkins, Jos. A. Lyman, Bishop Nielson and Platte D. Lyman. The outlaws had led these men on a hazardous chase of several days through the bad lands along the San Juan river. The pursuit was interspersed with gunfights, until finally a bullet shattered the bone of Lyman's leg. In spite of the excruciating pain and the danger of his condition, so many miles from home or any civilized habitation, he urged that the pursuit be continued to a successful issue. Outlaws passing in that direction soon came to learn that the men of the San Juan were among the most formidable with whom they had to measure arms. After the settlement of the "San Juan Mission" but few of the des-

peradoes who went that way ever passed them by. The colonists filled most valiantly the mission for which Brigham Young sent them there, namely, to keep the southern savage tribes in check,

and to intercept outlaw bands fleeing from the scenes of their depredations in the settlements to the north. With his usual keen insight into human nature, Brigham Young selected just the men who have proved themselves equal to the situation.

Perhaps the greatest problem of all has been that of maintaining peace with the Indians of the south, and preventing them from moving against the unprotected settlements to the north. That peerless colonizer, Brigham Young, gave this characteristic, safe and sane advice in dealing with the Indian problem. He advocated that it is better to feed and clothe the Indians than to fight them. He promised the prospective settlers that if the details of his advice were followed, their lives would not be jeopardized by the Indians. In fulfilment of this promise, the people of Bluff point to the fact that only one of their number (Amasa M. Barton)

has been killed by the Indians since the settlement of Bluff, while nearly forty other whites have lost their lives in the neighborhood of Bluff at the hands of the Indians.

Often it became necessary for the settlers to deal somewhat harshly with some of the most troublesome of the Indians. In early days, Mancos Jim caused a great deal of trouble for the settlers, but he promised, a few years ago, to be a "good Indian," and he has kept his promise. These Indians may usually be depended upon to keep promises made in good faith.

Sub Chief Posey has always been a notorious character. He is well aware of this, and will even speak of himself as a "bad Indian." Those who know him were not surprised to hear of his



*Photo by Frazier, Utah Arch. Exped.*  
GIANT CONIFERS ON THE ELK  
MOUNTAINS, SAN JUAN COUNTY

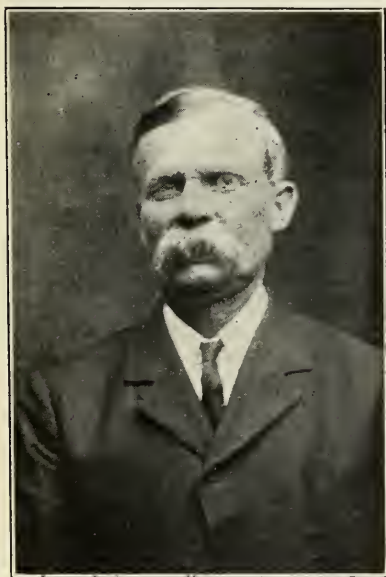
Vast areas of excellent timber easily accessible are awaiting the coming of the railroad to transfer the lumber.

participation in last winter's trouble, in connection with the arrest of Tse-Ne-Gat. The writer once had an impromptu argument with Posey, on the question of the harmlessness of the camera, to the person whose picture is taken. He insisted that the camera is "bad medicine," and declared in a rage born of righteous indignation that he would smash the writer and his camera too, if an attempt were made to photograph him, or any of the forty braves with him. He is a man of energy and iron nerve. The story is told of how he and his brother, Scotty, were held in custody by the settlers



AUTOMOBILING IN SOUTHEASTERN UTAH

The auto has invaded that rough country, but it depends upon the horse to help it over some of the difficult places.



*Photo by Brooks, Utah Arch. Exped.*  
LEMUEL H. REDD, PRESIDENT OF  
SAN JUAN STAKE

President Redd for many years has been a prominent figure in San Juan affairs.

on the charge of raiding the cattle ranges. By a clever ruse, Posey broke away from his captors and made a dash for the San Juan river. Before reaching the river, however, he received a bullet wound in his leg, but he was on his feet again in an instant. Plunging into the San Juan river, he swam to the opposite shore where he was received by members of his tribe.

Old Poke has not been regarded as an especially bad character until his spectacular defiance of the posse which attempted to arrest his son, Tse-ne-Gat, last winter.

That which gives splendid promise of being the most potent factor in bringing San Juan into the front ranks in wealth, production and population is dry-farming. Only within recent years has it been discovered that San Juan and Grand counties comprise one of the best dry-farming sections in the arid West. Reports of recent yields on such farms are little short of amazing. The Nielson Brothers raised 4,700 bushels of good wheat from one





*Photo by Rynearson, Utah Arch. Exped.*

#### GRAIN BINS OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS, SAN JUAN COUNTY

These storage bins were built near the cliff homes and were used by the ancient inhabitants of San Juan county for storing grain and other food supplies raised by them. The doors were sealed with flat stones. The man in the center is J. M. Redd of Monticello, a pioneer of San Juan and guide to the Utah Archæological Expedition.

hundred acres of new land last year, without irrigation. A yield of upwards of fifty bushels to the acre on old land is not uncommon. Alfalfa and other crops are thriving on the dry-farm lands. The writer saw heavy stands of alfalfa hay in the Grayson and Monticello districts that had been started and perpetuated with-

out irrigation. Alfalfa seed is a more certain crop on the dry-farms than on the irrigated farms, and promises to be the source of abundant revenue.



*Photo by the Author.*

#### COURTHOUSE ROCK, NEAR MOAB

This was so called because it became the place where cowboys tried and hanged cattle "hustlers." The civil courts have now made such a tribunal obsolete.

bushels to the acre. With improved methods these yields are being increased. The people are buying and reading Dr. John A. Widtsoe's book, *Dry-Farming*, and the influence of this great book on the economic evolution of the arid west is thus spreading into a country which, a few years ago, was considered good for nothing but a cattle range.

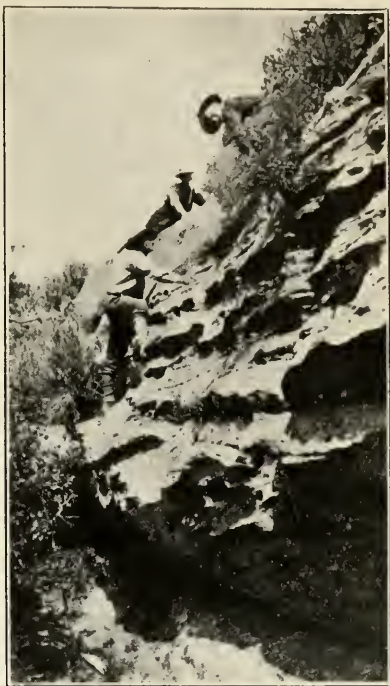
The town of Grayson came into existence only eight years

ago, but the inducements to dry-farmers are such that the population has now almost reached the one thousand mark. The real value of the vast San Juan country is becoming more and more apparent. The La Sal ranch, which sold a few years ago for seventy-five thousand dollars, changed hands recently for a quarter of a million dollars.

Evidently, then, the pioneers of the "San Juan Mission" pioneered a country which is better than they knew. The problem of transportation will no doubt be solved by the coming of railroads eager to tap the vast latent resources of that wonderland. The extensive timberlands alone are sufficient to turn the eyes of railroad men seriously in that direction.

The commandment to subdue the earth has been vigorously obeyed by the pioneers and settlers of San Juan. They have been uncompromising in their conquest of the desert. They have been equally uncompromising in their devotion to their religion—in high ideals, clean living, and

standards of conduct. The sentiment against the use of tobacco and whisky is so strong and well known that commercial travelers making those towns say they "ditch" their cigars before entering the San Juan country. The perpetuation of this reputation for morality and sturdy character will be one of the best monuments that the coming generation can build to the memory of the illustrious pioneers of the "San Juan Mission."



*Photo by Stockman, Utah Arch. Exped.*

#### DIFFICULT TRAVEL

Members of the expedition making their way over some of San Juan's rough territory in the neighborhood of the great natural bridges. Top to bottom: G. A. Rynearson, Jos. F. Anderson, and Attorney J. H. Stockman.

FILLMORE, UTAH



## Wild Oats\*

The "Improvement Era" Prize Story, May Contest.

BY MRS. L. H. ROYLANCE

"Hey, George—"

The young carpenter straightened up from the pile of lumber where he had been selecting a plank, and looked about.

The "walker," standing on the grade above him, watching the men building forms for the culverts, stepped closer to the edge:

"Doc Dayton is going to town, today; you'd better go along; we're not rushed just now. But return by Monday; the three small culverts will be ready then."

"All right," answered George, gratefully. "How soon will he be here?"

"He just left Camp Two. It's about an hour's drive; that'll give you plenty of time; and, say"—as he tossed him a dollar—"just bring me back a few magazines."

"You might mail these, too," said old Joe, the blacksmith, standing in his little bowery shop, as he fished out three grimy letters from his overalls pockets. "You'll probably beat the stage in, by a couple of days," he added.

"Going to town, George?" said the timekeeper, who had just stepped up. "Come over to the commissary; there are some checks to send in, and I want some ledgers and files,—and say, will you speak to Hix, at the warehouse, about that last shipment of flour?"

The cook came in with a five dollar bill. "Bring up some good 'eats'," he said—"oranges, candy, you know!"

George stood by the powder house waiting, when Doctor Dayton drove up.

"Don't forget the files," called the timekeeper.

"Take care of yourself, George," said the "walker."

"He's just a green kid. I hate to see him go to town and make a fool of himself, but nothing a man could say would make any difference," he thought, as he climbed back up on the grade.

"Your first trip out, since you came on the job, last June, isn't it?" questioned the doctor, as they drove round Demi-John Rock, which stands at the turn in the road where the camp is lost to view.

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\*This story won the \$25 prize for May, in the Improvement Era six months' contest, ending June, 1915.

"Yes," answered George; "I'm going in for a 'time.' I mean to have it, too," with the boastfulness of youth.

The doctor did not answer. He seemed absorbed in the landscape, such as he could see of it, which was not much, for the road was at this point little more than a trail through the giant fir forests of Oregon. The dense growth of underbrush and vines covered the very trunks of the trees, and the noisy rush of a squirrel, or the hurried flight of a bird, as they came to a sudden turn in the road, bespoke the primitiveness of the place.

"A 'time'!" The doctor spoke slowly. "You mean hotels, restaurants—"

"Clean clothes, and a bath, a fat cigar, and drinks," supplied George, a bit swaggeringly. He had never smoked a cigar, nor did he know the taste of one liquor from another. However, several months in a railroad camp, hearing the vain-glorious boasts of the men, had made him curious. He, too, wanted to have yarns to spin, yarns of fascinating, big drunks, questionable dances.

"Women?" interrogated the doctor.

George's face crimsoned. The doctor apparently was looking straight ahead—he probably considered the question only a natural one, a man to man question.

George felt suddenly important; he wasn't a kid any more, back in a country town, in his native state. He was a man, in a man's world, the proud possessor of two hundred dollars, hard-earned money. Back home there was a girl—but a fellow is only young once.

"Probably—it's part of the game," he answered, coolly.

They rode on again, in silence, the ribbon of road through the trees, unbroken except for an occasional cleared patch, where some sturdy homesteader had grubbed out stumps in pioneer days. His descendants, less ambitious, derived from it now a meager existence; in fact, there were cases where the farms were smaller now than they had been twenty years ago. The forests were growing in on them again. The road was rough, corduroyed in many stretches, and the light rig rattled noisily.

At Camp Seven they stopped for dinner, fed and watered the horses, and were off again. The doctor was quiet, but George knew he was considered eccentric, so he did not intrude. At two they reached Horne's camp.

"There," said the doctor, as they entered on a smooth stretch of road, "I've been waiting for this five miles—how old do you think I am?" abruptly.

George looked up, he had always considered the doctor an old man; his hair was snow white, and his face heavily lined, although he had a perfect physique, and a clear, pleasant voice.

"About sixty-five," he said, appraisingly.



"I'll be fifty in May." The doctor spoke musingly, then turned abruptly.

"Want to hear a story?"

"Why, yes," replied George, a trifle embarrassed. "The doctor certainly is a queer old duck," he added mentally.

Doctor Dayton drew out his watch. "We've plenty of time," he said, as he let the horses slow up:

"Thirty years ago, I was like you, young, strong, clean mentally, morally, physically. I was an only child, and had every advantage and disadvantage of the sons of the well-to-do.

At twenty-one I left college, good-looking, idle, plenty of money. The wrong crowd got me. In a few months, I was going the pace. Riotous living, tobacco, wines, women. I salved my conscience with the old excuse, the one that has served men and will serve them to the end of time, 'Youth must have its fling.' 'Every man has to sow his wild oats.' As for the women, I deluded myself, as men will, with the thought, 'Such places exist; there'll always be such women. Whether I go or stay away, is a matter of small moment.' To my father's entreaties, I turned a deaf ear. At worst I was injuring no one but myself, I argued. Father shook his head, but said no more. In those days, George, men did not talk to their sons, nor women to their daughters. They believed that ignorance was innocence. It is not so now—people are beginning to spread the sunlight of understanding. It is lighting up the secret places. The danger-signal is kept clear and bright. Boys and girls no longer need to step unwittingly into the pit of sin.

"At the end of a couple of years, I drew a sudden halt. The truth was brought home to me. I had broken nature's immutable laws. She demanded a physical penalty. For a while, I struggled along alone; then, as a last extremity, appealed to my father. He put me in charge of a specialist. At the end of a year, I was considered cured. Don't deceive yourself, boy." The old doctor spoke kindly. "When you break the greatest law of nature, she demands a lifetime penalty—aye, more than that, for the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children."

"Your mother?" asked George.

"I don't think she ever knew. She grieved because I smoked and drank. The rest, I think, was kept from her. Father died, shortly afterward; a year later, mother followed him. Then I drifted west, working with some civil engineers.

We set up camp among your people, down near the Colorado line. It was there that I met Mary, the dearest, sweetest girl in all the world. That was a happy summer. The calm, quiet life among the rural people, the pleasant courtship, I enjoyed. There were times when we strolled down the shady lane to her home; and she confided, in her sweet, trusting way, some

little incident of her girlhood, so that I felt tempted to tell her all, but the fear of losing her was too great, and I could not bring myself to shatter her faith in me. Sin has a way of becoming heinous, in the presence of innocence. I won favor with her people. I wasn't of her religion, and I think they'd much rather she had not married me; but she returned my love, and they didn't interfere, so in the fall she became my bride."

Visions of the girl, back home, flashed into George's mind; he, too, had made plans—sweet plans that had somehow lost their glamor, in this alien atmosphere.

"We bought a little farm," continued the doctor, "a couple of miles from the village, where we could see the broad sweep of the country, and the little lake that nestled at the foot of the opposite mountains." In the old doctor's eyes was a reminiscent light. He was seeing it all again—the little cabin, the girl bride, the farm, all the beautiful surrounding country. "The little village lay at the left, hidden by the grassy knolls. It was almost as if we two were alone in the world, just she and I," he went on, his voice low and tender. "The next two years stand out, George, as the happiest I have ever known. I had not dreamed that life could be so perfect, and then, when the promise of a child came to share our joy, my cup was running over. Sometimes the past, those few brief, wild years, came vividly to me. I wanted to tell her, but something, her very innocence perhaps, kept me silent. I've wished, since that, I had told her. She'd have forgiven me. She did forgive, unasked, when she had far more to forgive. How we made our plans! Oh, I'll never forget the glad light in her eyes, as she did each day the homely tasks necessary for the coming of the little stranger. It happened in June. I had waited in agony all during the hours of her suffering, agony the more poignant, because I was helpless to ease one pang. She seemed so little, so frail; in those hours I could gladly have foregone all the joys of parenthood, to have saved her this. When I intimated as much, she hushed me quickly: 'No, no, Horace.' And in her eyes was that soft light that God puts into the eyes of women when he crowns them with motherhood. I had watched the nurse, and the doctor sitting by, apparently heedless, then when I felt I could bear no more, had gone out into the yard to wait. An hour dragged by, then another, and another. The waiting seemed endless. The sound of a sudden sharp scream set me trembling; another interminable half hour, then the old doctor stepped out of the cabin and came over to the log where I sat:

"'Horace,' he said, 'it's a boy.'"

"A sudden joy thrilled me. I was a father, the father of a man child. In there, in that cabin, was a boy, mine—hers and mine. I stood up, seized my hat, and waved it in a glad hurrah; then I went into the cabin. Mary smiled—a weary smile, but oh, so

glad. My heart sang as I kissed her. Truly it was a wonderful world.

"I looked at the little mite; 'not much to see,' I thought, its little red, wrinkly face crowned with a coating of fuzz which I supposed would some day be hair. But it was ours—that was enough. The next day Mary didn't seem so well; the morning of the third day, she was very ill. I went for the doctor. I remember still the ride down the valley. I didn't seem to sense how ill she was. I couldn't believe that she would be taken. So many babes were born into the world, some every day, and the mother almost always lived, I comforted myself. But something else troubled me; I had been in the kitchen, that morning, when the nurse gave the boy his bath. She had looked at him strangely, then at me, as if she wished to tell me something; but instead, she only shook her head. What could it mean, I wondered, but didn't like to ask. The doctor came back with me. When he had looked at Mary, the nurse called him. He took the baby to the window and examined it closely. His face grew grave. He said nothing. I think he meant to keep it from Mary, but mothers seem to divine some things."

"Oh, I know, I know. I noticed it yesterday," she said, her voice quivering with agony.

"Half dazed, I stumbled out of the cabin. What was it? What had happened? The old doctor followed me out. For a moment he did not speak; then he looked me straight in the eye: 'Young man, the boy is blind.'

"My heavens,' I said!

"That was twenty years ago, George," he went on, quietly, "but it is as plain to me as if it were yesterday. I can see it all. The little cabin on the hillside, in the sunlight, the few acres of tender grain, the creek and the trees at the left, the blue hills in the distance; the old doctor grim and stern, standing there looking at me! A terrible weakness overpowered me. I sank to the log. The world seemed dark; it was almost as if the blindness of the little babe, in there, had cast a shadow on the face of nature.

"It is'—I looked at the doctor helplessly, a sickening fear at my heart—

"Wild oats,' he said, tersely, as he turned on his heel and walked into the cabin.

"I thought, then, he was brutal. I have learned since that doctors must sometimes cut deep to effect a permanent cure. Then, too, in the light of my own experience, the terrible things that doctors see and know; boy, I do not wonder that some of them lose entirely their faith in humanity. I sat there a long time. What I suffered God alone understands. Then I went into the cabin, and knelt by Mary's bedside. She reached out her hand,

and let it rest lovingly on my head—she did not speak, but I understood.” The doctor paused. “It takes a brave woman to forgive the man who strikes her through her child!

“That afternoon we sent for her mother. In her kind, old eyes was nothing but pity for me. Your people are like that. They accept what comes heroically; perhaps they know that God is merciful, that sometime, somewhere, all will be right again. That night, I talked to her father—I told him all, not one of the sordid details of those two years did I hide. Nor did I try to excuse myself. He was not harsh; in fact, where I expected reproaches I received only kindness. ‘My boy,’ he said, ‘it is the way of the world—the double standard! But we, this little handful of people in the mountains, have a clearer vision. We are trying to teach our sons that there can be but one standard. We want the men who claim our daughters to be as pure as are our girls’.”

Into George’s mind flashed the past. How many times he had heard it. Almost those very words, at church, back home. A year ago it had seemed all right, but here—in the camps—the hot blood rushed into his cheeks, as his own remark made in answer to a taunt that the shovel engineer (known as the raciest raconteur in camp) had flung, came back to him: ‘Yes, of course, they’re fifty years behind the times, your rural people are.’ And this was how men, real men, manly men, looked at the simple principles of his people, as something beautiful, something to be marveled at.

“It remained for Mary, unwittingly,” continued the doctor, “to give the hardest blow. It was the day she died”—the doctor’s lips twitched. “She asked for me, and when I sat down by the bedside, she took my hand. She was very near the borderland then. She looked so frail and unearthly, lying there among the pillows: ‘Horace, I’m going to die. I think it’s better that way. You’ve been very good to me. I love you so. I couldn’t live without you.’ Then I understood that I would have to lose her, if not in death, in life, reared as she had been, among your pure-minded people, she could not be a wife, and not a potential mother. To pass the curse to another child would be unthinkable. She was right; it was better that way. She died that night. Her folks took the baby; it only lived four months. They lie side by side in the cemetery, near the town where she was born. I go there every year, just for a day. Some of her people still live in the old place; they’re glad to see me when I come, but I never stay long. I want to get back to work.”

“You became a doctor?”

“Shortly after. I sold the farm and studied medicine; it seemed the only way I could reach boys to talk to them—to warn them against the fate that had been mine. I don’t often tell my



story. It hurts too much, but when I see a clean young man, like you, just getting ready to step over the brink, I have to tell it. It's part of the penalty, maybe," he concluded sadly, "maybe, when I've paid enough, they'll give them both to me over there."

He drew in at the little store, at Lowell, where the boy must take the train.

"Goodbye, George," he said, slowly, "remember there is one way, and only one, to avoid reaping the harvest of 'wild oats,' and that is: don't sow them."

"Goodbye, doctor; thank you. I'll not forget," he said, squaring his shoulders and looking straight into the doctor's eyes.

Four days later, George piled off the stage, at camp, loaded with bundles. He carried them over to the commissary, chatted awhile with the timekeeper, then walked out over the work.

"Hello!"—the "walker" drew rein—"Back again? Well, we're ready for you," eyeing him appraisingly.

"Trip didn't seem to hurt him any," he thought. "Glad of it; he's a nice kid."

"There's George. Hello, there, sonny. Have your 'time'?" questioned the shovel engineer, bantering.

"Yep," shortly.

"Young blood; youth will have its fling," he chuckled, as he climbed up onto the little Model 20. But he could not know that to him and George a "time" had come to have a vastly different meaning.

And the girl, back home! When the job was finished he'd go back to her—a man, clean as the boy that bade her goodbye, in their sunny southern village.

EUGENE, OREGON

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## Pansies

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Gems blushed with morning dew;  
Robed in most gorgeous hue;  
Thoughts of the pure and true;  
Emblems of beauty.  
Be thou my thoughts tonight;  
Teach me to brave the fight;  
Guide all my steps aright,  
To do life's duty.

O. F. URSENBACH.



### GREAT SALT LAKE CITY

An English artist's conception of Salt Lake City, Utah. The sketch was printed in *The Mormons*, published in London, in 1852, and was drawn from verbal descriptions of the city, the valley, the Wasatch mountains, and the majestic Cottonwood peaks:

"O ye mountains high, where the clear blue sky  
Arches over the vales of the free,  
Where the pure breezes blow, and the clear streamlets flow,  
How I've longed to your bosom to flee.  
O Zion! dear Zion! land of the free,  
Now my own mountain home, unto thee I have come—  
All my fond hopes are centered in thee."—Hymn, 317.



BOB WHITE.

## Outlines for Scout Workers

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BY DELBERT W. PARRATT, B. S.

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### II. 'BOB WHITE

"I see you on the zig-zag rails,  
 You cheery little fellow!  
 While purple leaves are whirling down,  
 And scarlet, brown, and yellow.  
 I hear you when the air is full  
 Of snow-down of the thistle;  
 All in your speckled jacket trim,  
 'Bob White! Bob White!' you whistle."

1. Why is the Bob White so named?
2. To what family does it belong? Distinguish it from other birds of this family.
3. Note size, shape, and color.
4. Contrast male and female in size and in color, and explain why these differences.
5. Contrast the song of the male Bob White with that of the fe-

male. Why the difference? When does it sing mostly? Why then? What is meant by the "covey call?"

6. Upon what does this bird live and how is it adapted to get its food?

7. What are the enemies of the Bob White and how does it protect itself from these?

8. Explain the manner in which Bob Whites group themselves while sleeping. Why this way?

9. Tell of the speed and height at which this bird flies. During which season does it fly most? Why then?

10. Where and how is the nest usually made? Why there?

11. Tell of the color and number of eggs. How many broods are usually hatched in a season?

12. Where does the Bob White spend its winters?

13. Should the quail be protected? Why? Contrast the open season in our state for quails with that for ducks. Why the difference?

#### HANDY MATERIAL

"'I own the country here about,' said Bob White;  
'At early morn I gayly shout, 'I'm Bob White!'  
From stubble field and stake-rail fence  
You hear me call, without offense,  
'I'm Bob White! Bob White!'"

"'Sometimes I think I'll ne'er more say, 'Bob White';  
It often gives me quite away, does Bob White;  
And mate and I, and our young brood,  
When separate—wandering through the wood,  
Are killed by sportsmen I invite  
By my clear voice—Bob White! Bob White!  
Still, don't you find I'm out of sight  
While I am saying, Bob White, Bob White?'"

—C. C. M.

The bird under consideration is so named because his call is suggestive of "Bob White." He is one of the gallinacious birds, as are also the pine hen, grouse, sage hen, partridge, and California quail. These all prefer walking to flying and ordinarily fly only when in danger. Strictly speaking, the Bob White is an eastern bird and consequently not a native of our state. He has been introduced into Utah and thrives here in a manner pleasing to lovers of this beautiful and interesting creature. Our most common quail is the California Valley partridge, a name suggestive of the fact that the vast regions of our locality were once a part of Alta or Upper California.

The Bob White is about ten inches long and of a dumpy appearance. His back is brownish red, tinged with gray and mottled with dusky spots. His chin, throat, forehead and lines through eyes and along the sides of his neck are white. There is a black band across the top of his head. On the head of the female bird, brownish red replaces the white. Her smaller size and leafy brown coloring make her very inconspicuous when on the nest.

As with most other birds, the female Bob White exercises the



right of deciding who her mate shall be. She is not placed in competition with others of her sex to win the attentions of any particular male. This striving for recognition is left to the males and in the struggle the fellow with the prettiest feathers and most attractive call out-classes his less fortunate rivals.

And during the mating season the jealous rivals often engage in lively fights to determine which shall "keep company" with a certain female and in these the larger bird, of course, stands the better chance of winning out. The larger bird therefore is the one to get mated and to have his kind reproduced in the next generation. This process of fighting, mating, and reproducing has been going on for a long time until now the males have come to be somewhat larger than the females.

The male bird's loud clear song of "Bob White" is thought to resemble "more wet" and is regarded in some localities as an omen of rainy weather. However, it is a cheery song, making rain seem desirable. After the pair of Bob Whites is mated, the song is used by the male to call his companion in case she is hid from view or is straying too far from his side.

The nest, which is made of grass, is hid in the bushes, often near a fence. There is always a well defined, though crooked trail to the nest. Nests are often placed near foot paths apparently for protection by man against other enemies.

There are from ten to eighteen pure white, rather sharply pointed eggs. The points are turned downward in the neatly packed nest. As a rule one brood is raised in a season, the so called second brood coming only when the first is destroyed. The young birds can run about as soon as hatched. They are difficult to raise from the eggs, chiefly on account of the impossibility of obtaining the insects on which the young feed. Both male and female take turns in keeping the eggs warm during nesting period, the female, of course, serving the major portion of time.

Quail are hunted by men and boys in the autumn. Many perish from cold and hunger, or from being imprisoned under the snow during severe winters. Foxes and coyotes prey upon these birds, and snakes upon their eggs. In order to baffle and bewilder their enemies, quail, in common with other wild chickens, rest on the ground in the form of a circle, heads outward, so that each can fly off in a straight line, if alarmed, without interfering with the others. The flight is low and rapid with numerous quick flappings of the wings. After being dispersed the Bob Whites are called together by the "covey call" of Whir-r-rl-ee! Whir-rl-ee! Whir-r-rl-ee! the sweetest, softest, tenderest call one would care to hear. As a rule, quail do not find it necessary to fly much except during the hunting season.

Half the food of this quail consists of weed seeds, almost a fourth of grain, and about a tenth of wild fruits. Although thus

eating grain, the bird gets most of it from stubble. Fifteen per cent of the Bob White's food is composed of insects, including several of the most serious pests of agriculture. It feeds freely upon Colorado potato bugs and chinch bugs; it devours also cucumber beetles, clover leaf weevils, cottonboll weevils, cutworms, and Rocky Mountain locusts.

Bob White stays with us all winter. Many farmers, who love this bird, feed whole flocks when the snow is deep and food scarce. Besides his usefulness to farmers, the quail, in other countries, proves himself a source of comfort. The Chinese quail, in the East Indies, is used as a fighting bird and also for warming his owner's hands in winter.

Who's whistling so cheerfully down in the clover,  
When the meadows are wet with the sweet morning dew?  
He's piping and calling, this ardent young lover,  
And telling his tale the whole morning through,  
What is it he says in the early sunlight?  
"Bob White! Bob White!  
Bob—Bob White!"

At noon when the day dog in wrath has descended,  
With his swift golden arrows, on grain-field and hill;  
And the birds of the morning their love-songs have ended,  
Then deep in the wood, and down by the rill  
I hear a shrill whistle, so cheerful and bright:  
"Wheat ripe? Bob White!  
Not—not quite!"

When shadows of evening are lengthening slowly,  
Ere the night dews lie damp on the meadows again;  
As light breezes sweep o'er the soft grass so lowly,  
What is it he says? I hear the refrain,  
While in the thick verdure he's hid from my sight:  
"Good night! Bob White!  
Good—good night."

—EFFIE L. HALLETT

References: Encyclopedia; *Geographical Magazine*, May, 1914; June, 1913; Song, Bob White, *Songs in Season*; Story, How the Quail became a Snipe, *Holbrook Nature Myths*; *Utah State Fish and Game Laws*.

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A distinguished member of the National Geographic Society, on his way down-town one day when the polar controversy was at its height, passed some little colored boys who were playing with two very pretty kittens. Pausing, he asked the leader of the party if he had named the kittens.

"Oh, yes," was his reply, "I calls 'em Tawm and Jerry."

"Why not call them Cook and Peary?"

"Deed, boss," was the quick rejoinder, "dese yere ain't polecats."

# M. I. A. Conference

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## First Day, June 11, 1915

The General Annual Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations was held in Salt Lake City, June 11, 12 and 13, 1915. Many important items for officers were considered at the first session, on Friday morning, June 11. The meeting was held at 9:30, in the Assembly Hall, and was a joint officers' meeting. Elder Heber J. Grant presided. The congregation sang, "Come, Come, Ye Saints," and prayer was offered by Elder Junius F. Wells, after which the Granite stake Girls' Chorus, under the direction of Marion Cannon, sang.

### STAKE SUPERVISION

Sister Clarissa A. Beesley spoke upon stake supervision, strongly urging the stakes to organize their boards of the best material to be found, as the wards look to the stake board members to lead out and properly direct the work. She also called attention to the necessity of stake boards keeping in touch constantly with the ward officers, by personal visit where possible, or by correspondence, where the wards are scattered. Important also is the need of co-operation between the young men and young ladies, for a great deal of the work now being taken up is joint work and cannot be handled successfully unless both organizations co-operate.

### CONTEST ACTIVITIES

Elder Oscar A. Kirkham spoke upon special activities and contest work. He named the following events which are to be taken up at the general June conference of 1916:

In order to make clear to the officers what will be done in contest work at the M. I. A. Annual June Conference, and to aid them in the selection and preparation of this work, the following activities have been outlined by the General Boards. While other events may be used in wards and stakes for contest purposes, the three following are the only events outlined by the General Boards to be taken up, first in the ward, then in the stake district, the stake, the Church district, and in the grand finals:

#### I. SENIOR PUBLIC SPEAKING—10 minutes.

Open to all Seniors.

Points of Judgment:

1. The idea—20 per cent.
2. The development—50 per cent.
  - a. Introduction.
    - (1) Simple, direct, earnest, suggestive of material to follow.
  - b. Body.
    - (1) Develop theme, which should be persuasive rather than merely matter-of-fact.
  - c. Summary.
    - (1) General conclusion taken from the body of address.
  - d. Original.
    - (1) No long quotations should be given.
    - (2) Sincerity.
3. Delivery—30 per cent.

## II. MALE QUARTET.

Open to all members of Y. M. M. I. A.

Selection to be made.

Points of Judgment:

1. Interpretation as per musical markings and text—15 per cent.
2. Expression and phrasing—15 per cent.
3. Tone quality—15 per cent.
4. Blending and balance—10 per cent.
5. Reading (producing proper notes)—10 per cent.
6. Tempo—10 per cent.
7. Pitch—10 per cent.
8. Enunciation and pronunciation—10 per cent.
9. Attack and release—5 per cent.

## III. LADIES' QUARTET.

Open to all members of Y. L. M. I. A.

Selection to be made.

Points of Judgment: (Same as for male quartet.)

CHURCH DISTRICTS (See *Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book*, second edition, p. 92). In order to obviate the over-crowding of time at the general Church finals in June, the stakes of the Church have been grouped in seventeen districts for try-outs.

Stake superintendents and presidents of Y. M. M. I. A. and Y. L. M. I. A. of the stakes starred will take the initiative in arranging for the finals in their districts, including dates and place of meetings, etc., following the same general plan given for the grand finals. In the holding of Church district meets, any variance from the general plan should be agreed upon by the superintendents and presidents of the different stakes, and a copy placed in the hands of all the contestants in that district.

## RULES AND REGULATIONS

See pages 90-91, in the second edition of the *Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book*. These rules and regulations will govern the contest work of 1915-16. We give here only the four new rules. These are also found with the others in the *Hand Book*:



1. Contests, that is, try-outs or exercises calling for adjudication, must not be held on Sundays. Adjudications made on Sundays will not be recognized.

2. In order to become eligible for contest work a member must have been in attendance at regular class meetings at least five times prior to April 1.

3. In group work in wards, individuals doing the best work may be re-grouped to meet those of other wards. This rule applies to wards only.

4. All stake officers are barred from participating in contests, including stake pennant contest.

#### SPECIAL ACTIVITIES—STAKE PENNANT

We suggest that a stake pennant be given for the ward scoring the greatest number of points in proportion to its enrollment, for participation in special activities as per the following score card:

1. Mixed Double Quartet—10 points initial group appearance, 3 points for each additional appearance, 10 points for complete rendition of "Daughter of Jairus."

2. Boys' Chorus (six or more members)—10 points initial group appearance, 3 points for each additional appearance.

3. Girls' Chorus (six or more members)—(Score same as Boys' Chorus).

4. Male Quartet—5 points initial group appearance, 2 points each additional appearance.

5. Ladies' Quartet—(Score same as Male Quartet).

6. Advanced Seniors—Extemporaneous Public Speaking—3 points for initial appearance.

7. Senior Public Speaking—3 points for initial appearance.

8. Retold Story (open to all)—3 points for initial appearance.

9. Drama—15 points for initial group appearance.

Note.—These appearances, scoring for points in the above events must be made in M. I. A. gatherings.

10. Reading Course—2 points for reading of each book of this year's reading course, making a possible score of 16 points for each individual.

#### NOTES

The following list of subjects are for Advanced Senior Extemporaneous Public Speaking:

"Faith," "Repentance," "Baptism," "Gift of the Holy Ghost," "Tithing," "Word of Wisdom," "America the Promised Land," "The Second Coming of Christ," "Modern Revelation," "Divine Authority," "Resurrection," "Prayer," "The Sabbath Day," "The Mission of the M. I. A."

It is suggested that stakes make a selection for ward use from the above subjects. These subjects have been suggested with the thought that every Latter-day Saint should be able to speak intelligently, for at least ten minutes, on any one of them.

It is suggested that the mixed double quartet develop the festival idea, using *The Daughter of Jairus*, a sacred cantata by John Stainer, published by Schirmer, New York; price 60c. This

may be obtained through any music dealer. This work to be developed through preliminary programs, special activity nights, finally culminating in all ward mixed double quartets uniting and giving the production, on M. I. A. Day, under the direction of the stake musical directors of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.

A pennant will be given at the Grand Finals, held at the June Conference of 1916, to the stake scoring the greatest number of points in proportion to its enrollment, as per the foregoing score card for stake use. Stakes entering for this Church pennant must report to the General Secretary, Moroni Snow, not later than May 25, 1916.

#### THE READING COURSE

Elder B. S. Hinckley of the Young Men's Board spoke upon the Reading Course. The General Boards present for 1915-16 one joint M. I. A. Reading Course, instead of two separate courses as heretofore. The eight books in the list have been selected with care, and it is believed will be read with great profit and enjoyment by our young people. They have been divided into two groups, and both Seniors and Juniors are encouraged to read the entire list. Five additional good books are also suggested, for the use of those who may desire to read more than the regular course:

#### SENIOR LIST:

*The Prophet-Teacher*—B. H. Roberts.  
*A Study of Greatness in Men*—Larned.  
*The Play-House*—Alfred Lambourne.  
*A Daughter of the North*—Nephi Anderson.

#### JUNIOR LIST:

*Little Sir Galahad*—Gray.  
*Twenty-fourth of June*—Grace Richmond.  
*Lance of Kanana*—Abd El Ardavan.  
 A nature book will be selected later.

#### ADDITIONAL BOOKS:

*Cities of the Sun*—Elizabeth Cannon Porter.  
*Peter*—F. Hopkinson Smith.  
*The Rosary*—Florence L. Barclay.  
*Mother Carey's Chickens*—Wiggins.  
*Problems of Boyhood*, for teachers in the Y. M. M. I. A. classes.

Among other things, Brother Hinckley said: "Our organization is making an earnest and systematic endeavor to promote the reading of good books. It is taking advantage of the great agency of reading to educate and elevate the entire community.

It requires no argument to convince you that the reading habit is the key that unlocks the treasure-house of the world's knowledge. It is the source of more happiness, more information and more inspiration than any other habit. I am bold to say that without books, civilization would perish from the earth. I am reminded of a statement contained in one of our sacred books. You will remember when Nephi with his brothers went for the plates, he was very much in doubt as to whether, in order to secure the plates, he would be justified in destroying their keeper. The Spirit of the Lord whispered to him and said: "It is better that one man should die than that a whole nation should perish in unbelief."

It is said in *A Study of Greatness in Men* that the invention of the printing press was the greatest invention ever made, if measured by its effects upon civilization. We can do no young man or young lady greater service than to lead them into the companionship of sages and seers, put them in touch with the greatest and best spirits of the world. I remember reading in the ERA a statement which I also heard a good man tell personally. He said about thirty years ago, when he was keeping a little book store down on Main street, a young fellow with a strong face sauntered into his shop, and the book man said to him: "Have you ever read this book?" He said, "No." "Well," said the keeper of the shop, "I wish you would take it and read it, and tell me what you think of it." And the young man did read it. It touched his heart and stirred his soul. He was transformed from an indifferent sort of ruffian to a scholar and a thinker, and he stands today better than most men. I heard Elder Roberts say on one occasion that the same man (James Dwyer—peace to his memory) was the man who induced him to read the Book of Mormon, and I feel in my heart that B. H. Roberts has given us more original work on the Book of Mormon than any other man living.

We ask for officers to do two things. First, read these books. If you will devote ten minutes a day from now until the first of October, you can read them all. Let this fire be kindled in your own heart, then you will kindle it in the hearts of others.

Second, select as supervisors men and women who not only love books but who have a knowledge of them, and who will be active in this work. Our counsel is this, that in every stake there shall be two supervisors, one young lady and one young man. There shall also be supervisors of the reading course in the wards, one for the young ladies and one for the young men. It is the business of the stake supervisors to see that all the wards have their supervisors, and that they work. Whether these books are read depends very largely on the supervisors, whose first qualification is love for the work.

I remind you of a story, printed for a long time on an envelope. This is the substance of it, the words of Dr. Channing:

"God be thanked for books. They give us the spiritual companionship of the good and great of all ages. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own day will not enter my humble dwelling; if the sacred writings will cross my threshold and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will sing of Paradise, and Shakespeare reveal to me the world of imagination and the workings of the human heart; if Franklin will honor my home with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for the want of intellectual companionship, and may be a well-read man, though denied the best society in the place where I live."

#### FALL CONVENTIONS

Sister Emma Goddard, of the Young Ladies' Board, spoke on fall conventions. The method of conducting the 1915 conventions will be somewhat changed from that of previous years. The General Board members will present the subjects and direct the discussion. Important lines of M. I. A. activity, and detail work of the organizations will be considered. Stake and local officers are expected to be prepared to take part in the discussion. Provision will be made for local representatives to carry on the program, in the event that no member of the General Boards is present.

Since, to a great extent, stake officers will be relieved from presenting special subjects at the convention, it is urged that they devote their efforts to the securing of the 100 per cent attendance. In a stake of ten wards there should be present twenty presidents, forty counselors, twenty secretaries, etc.

The convention program will provide for one joint officers' meeting, one separate officers' meeting, one public meeting, and one sociable. Complete outline of work will be given in the convention circular for 1915, soon to be distributed to stake officers. The congregation sang, "O Ye Mountains High," and the benediction was pronounced by Sister Rose W. Bennett.

#### DEMONSTRATIONS OF SOCIAL WORK

The congregation adjourned to the Deseret Gymnasium, where from 11 a. m. to 12:30 p. m., a demonstration of social work was given, including two divisions. The first was a "Home Evening," by the Granite stake, showing how this evening in a family should be conducted. The program included instrumental music, songs, story telling, recitation, conversation and the serving of refreshments, with explanations of when prayer should be offered, and how the evening should be generally conducted,



by Vice-Chairman Thomas Hull of the Social Committee. This demonstration was under the direction of Superintendent Charles H. Norberg, of the Y. M. M. I. A., and President May Green of the Y. L. M. I. A. of the Granite stake. The demonstration of the ward dance showed how it should not be conducted, and how it should be conducted, the lines of demarcation being very clearly drawn, and was given by the Pioneer stake, under the supervision of Superintendent Datus Hammond and President Sasie Heath, who had selected young people from different wards of the stake to make the demonstration.

#### SPECIAL SUPERINTENDENTS' MEETING

A special meeting of stake superintendents and officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. was held at 1 p. m., in the assembly room of the Bishop's building. A general discussion of the subject, "Efficiency in Stake Work" was taken up, the subject being introduced by Elder John F. Bowman, who called attention to the necessity of a complete organization, to systematic and energetic work, and to appointing persons to work in departments to which they are best adapted. A general discussion followed, in which methods of getting the right man in the right place, and weeding out uninterested officers were taken up. The use of the *Hand Book* was emphasized. Every officer should have this guide.

#### TRY-OUTS IN CONTEST WORK

On Friday afternoon at 2 p. m., preliminary try-outs in the three divisions of contest work were held. The music section, under the supervision of Oscar A. Kirkham and Mabel Cooper, met in the Assembly Hall; the Public Speaking section, under the supervision of Preston D. Richards and Emily C. Adams, in the assembly room of the Bishop's building; and the Re-told Story section, under the direction of Nicholas G. Morgan and Edith R. Lovesy, in the Fourteenth ward chapel.

The following were representatives at the preliminary try-outs:

#### MIXED DOUBLE QUARTETS

District No. 4, Bingham Stake, Idaho Falls, G. W. Charlesworth, conductor; District No. 10, Utah stake, Provo, Utah, C. W. Reid, conductor; District No. 7, Oneida Stake, Preston, Idaho, Margaret Merrill, conductor; District No. 8, Ogden Stake, Ogden, Utah, Mrs. W. C. Parker, conductor; District No. 9, Pioneer stake, Salt Lake City, William Cook, conductor; District No. 12, Parowan stake, Cedar City, Sadie Thornley, conductor; District No. 17, Deseret stake, Hinckley, Utah, Mrs. C. A. Broadus conductor.

The quartets from District No. 4, Idaho Falls, and District No. 10, Provo, were chosen to compete in the grand finals.



#### WINNERS OF THE MIXED DOUBLE QUARTET

District No. 4, Bingham stake, Idaho Falls. Personnel: G. W. Charlesworth, conductor; Joseph Morley, C. E. Dinwoodey, J. E. Pike, Mrs. Reuel Packard, Mrs. Leroy Farr, Miss Lucile Pike, Miss Zula Boomer, Alvin Beesley, accompanist.

#### LADIES' QUARTET

The winners in the Ladies' Quartet, in the above mentioned districts were: First place won by District No. 12, Parowan stake, Cedar City, under the direction of Mrs. Sadie Thornley. The quartet was composed of the following: Flora Urie, Pearl Urie, Zelma Jones, and Mrs. Zazel Granger. The second place was won by District No. 7, Oneida stake, Preston, Idaho, Margaret Merrill, conductor. The following composed the quartet: Margaret Merrill, Lucile Rogers, Hattie Peterson and Agnes Nuffer.

#### MALE QUARTET



#### WINNERS OF THE MALE QUARTET

Taken from the personnels of the two Mixed Double Quartets contesting at the Grand Finals. They are Clinton Luke, Gordon Reese, Warren Allred, Albert J. Southwick, and C. W. Reid, conductor. This quartet is from District No. 10, Utah Stake, Provo, Utah.

The winners of first place in the Male Quartet were from District No. 10, Utah stake, Provo. The conductor was C. W. Reid. Personnel of the quartet, Clinton Luke, Gordon Reese, Warren Alred and Albert J. Southwick. The second place was tied by District No. 4, Bingham Stake, Idaho Falls, G. W. Charlesworth, conductor, with Joseph Morley, C. E. Dinwoodey, J. E. Pike and G. W. Charlesworth composing the quartet; and District No. 12, Parowan stake, Cedar City, Sadie Thornicy, conductor, and Gordon Matheson, Lehi Jones, Randall Jones, and Robert S. Gardner, making up the quartet.

### BOYS' CHORUS

District No. 17, Deseret stake, Hinckley, Utah, Mrs. C. A. Broadus, conductor; District No. 12, Parowan stake, Parowan, Utah, L. J. Adams, conductor; District No. 7, Hyrum stake, Mendon, Utah, C. C. Watkins, conductor; District No. 8, Ogden, Utah, Mrs. Saville, conductor; District No. 11, Sevier stake, Richfield, Utah, S. H. Chidester,



### WINNERS IN THE BOYS' CHORUS

District No. 12, Parowan stake, Parowan, Utah. Personnel: L. J. Adams, conductor; Clifford Benson, Alfred Morris, Lucius Benson, Glen Clark, Edward Dalton, Clifton Halterman, Albert Marsden, Rex Ward, and Charles Wood.

conductor; South Sanpete stake, Manti, Utah, Lars Peterson, conductor.

The choruses from District No. 17, Hinckley, Utah, and District No. 12, Parowan, Utah, were chosen to compete in the grand finals.

### GIRLS' CHORUS

District No. 10, Utah stake, Timpanogos, C. W. Reid, conductor; District No. 9, Ensign stake, Eighteenth ward, Edna Edwards, conductor; District No. 4, Teton stake, Driggs, Idaho, James Driggs, conductor; District No. 7, Oneida stake, Preston, Idaho, Margaret Merrill, conductor; District No. 8, Ogden stake, Ogden, Utah, Beatrice Brewer, conductor; District No. 11, Sevier stake, Richfield, Utah, Eleanor Heppler, conductor; District No. 12, Parowan stake, Cedar

City, Utah, G. W. Foster, conductor; District No. 17, Deseret stake, Hinckley, Utah, Mrs. C. A. Broadbush, conductor.

The choruses from District No. 10, Timpanogos ward, Utah stake,



#### WINNERS OF THE GIRLS' CHORUS

District No. 10, Utah Stake, Timpanogos ward. Personnel: Emma Peck, Diantha Patten, Temple Evans, Lorna Booth, Ethel Hills, Lapriel Gappmeyer, Minnie Farley, Sylvia Draper, Bessie Cook. C. W. Reid, conductor.

and District No. 9, Eighteenth ward, Ensign stake, were chosen to compete in the grand finals.

#### SENIOR PUBLIC SPEAKING

John F. Miller, District No. 4, Yellowstone stake, St. Anthony, Idaho, "Will the Golden Age of Peace Ever Come?"

Samuel Clawson, District No. 9, Ensign stake, Eighteenth ward, Salt Lake City, "Choosing a Vocation."

Florella Love, District No. 1, Taylor stake, Raymond, Canada, "The Gospel of Love."

Pearl Christensen, District No. 11, Richfield, Utah, "Our Birthright."

Edwin Baird, District No. 10, Provo, Utah, "Margins."

Moroni W. Smith, District No. 12, Parowan, Utah, "Service."

Harvey Taylor, District No. 8, Ogden, Utah, "The Unused Dynamo."

Mrs. R. D. Holt, District No. 7, Oneida stake, Preston, Idaho, "Trust and Believe in God."

Henry Maxfield, District No. 3, Union stake, Cove, Oregon, "The Builder and His Dream."

John F. Miller, of District No. 4, and Samuel Clawson of District No. 9, were chosen to compete in the grand finals, and John F. Miller was given first place.

#### ADVANCED SENIOR PUBLIC SPEAKING

Mrs. Gertrude Smith, District No. 10, Wasatch stake, Heber City, Utah, "Woman's Work."



Bertha Eccles Wright, District No. 8, Weber stake, Ogden, Utah, "The Lord's Prayer."

Newell K. Young, District No. 9, North Davis stake, Kaysville, Utah, "A Man Sent of God."

Georgia Hoagland Forsythe, District No. 12, Parowan stake, Newcastle, Utah, "Woman and Vocational Training."

Mrs. Edward P. Horsfall, District No. 4, Pocatello stake, Pocatello, Idaho, "Christianity in the Balance."

J. B. Bearnson, District No. 7, Cache stake, Logan, Utah, "Speak Ye the Truth."

Mrs. Bertha Eccles Wright of District No. 8, and Newell K. Young of District No. 9, were chosen to compete in the grand finals, and Mrs. Wright was given first place.

#### JUNIOR RE-TOLD STORY

Grace Valentine, District No. 8, Box Elder stake, Brigham City, Utah.

Leatha Anderson, District No. 7, Benson stake, Lewiston, Utah.

Marion Burton, District No. 12, Parowan stake, Parowan, Utah.

Sadie Stubler, District No. 10, Alpine stake, American Fork, Utah.

Reva Riddle, District No. 11, South Sanpete stake, Manti, Utah.

Lyle Cropper, District No. 17, Deseret stake, Hinckley, Utah.

Fannie Harris, District No. 4, Fremont stake, Salem, Idaho.

Donnett Shumway, District No. 15, Snowflake stake, Snowflake, Arizona.

Florence Cramer, District No. 5, Cassia stake, Marion, Idaho.

Mattie Schofield, District No. 3, Union stake, La Grande, Oregon.

Helen Root, District No. 6, Bannock stake, Soda Springs, Idaho.



MISS LEATHA ANDERSON

District No. 7, Lewiston, Utah, winner in the Junior Re-told Story. Miss Anderson is sixteen years of age.

Julius Madsen, District No. 9, Liberty stake, Salt Lake City, Utah. Grace Valentine of District No. 8, whose story was "The Other Wise Man," and Miss Leatha Anderson, of District No. 7, who re-told the story of "Laddie," were chosen to compete in the grand finals, and Leatha Anderson was given first place.

#### JUDGES

In the preliminary try-outs in the music section the judges were: Miss Nora Gleason, Edw. P. Kimball and Joseph J. Daynes, Sr.; in the public-speaking section, Ardella Bitner Tibby, Frank Nebeker and Charles H. Hart; in the junior re-told story section, Miss Angie Holbrook, Alfred Reese, and Nicholas G. Morgan.

In the grand finals, held on Saturday evening, June 12, in the Assembly Hall, Prof. A. H. Peabody adjudicated in the musical numbers; Adam Bennion, Margaret Caldwell and John Henry Evans judged the re-told story contests; and Adam Bennion, Mary Connelly and Carl Badger judged the public speaking.

#### EVENING ENTERTAINMENT

At eight o'clock on Friday evening, the General Boards of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. tendered to the visiting officers of the M. I. A. free admission to the grand concert in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, given under the auspices of the Commercial Club for the benefit of the Ogden Tabernacle Choir, to aid them in their trip to the Panama Exposition. Leading musicians also took part with the choir, including Emma Lucy Gates, John J. McClellan, Roumania Hyde, and Horace Ensign.

#### A SAMPLE OF CONTEST ACTIVITY



The Deseret stake is a sample of the splendid activity the M. I. A. contest work has aroused throughout the Church, and in which at least fifteen thousand young people participated during the past season. The above picture represents the contingent that came to Salt Lake City to represent the Deseret stake in the final try-outs. There is the mixed double quartet at the back, the junior girls' chorus in the center, and the boy scout chorus in front, and with them the chaperones and accompanist and the leader, all of Hinckley, Utah. Mrs. C. A. Broaddus, of Hinckley, who was the efficient instructor in the singing, is the wife of Dr. C. A. Broaddus. Mrs. M. E. Damron is the Deseret stake chorister. The names of the young people and their associates are as follows:

Stella Wright, Hugh Hilton, Richard Terry, Ruby Stout, Golden Webb, Eugene Hilton, Utah Terry, Virgil Hilton, Blyne Moody, Manton Moody, Grace Robinson, Elsie Richards, Victor Terry, Leatha Wright, Asahel Wright, Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Broaddus, Edna Horne, Frances Stout, Clara Stewart, Rena Reeve, Fontella Cahoon, Clement Hilton, Leroy Cahoon, Aaron Horne, Eureka Robinson, Marion Slaughter, Poy Hilton, Carrie Langston, Norma Damron, accompanist; Rose Terry, absent.

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## Judge Not

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Who art thou to judge thy brother?

Full of wisdom though thou art—

His failure dire, his meek endeavor,

Thou who knowest not his heart

Couldst thou but unroll before thee

All his bare life's sterile scroll,

Perchance the shame thy judgment meted,

Wouldst return to thine own soul!

Couldst thou know the efforts fruitless

Through long, aching, barren years,

Perhaps unto him thou wouldst render

Balm of pity—healing tears.

If thou, God-like, should seek for motives,

Shouldst search for good, shouldst pray for grace,

Thou thyself shouldst stand transfigured,

And couldst help him find his place.

Then judge thou not self-righteous judgment—

For all flesh is weak and frail—

And when men clasp hands as brothers,

Not one man shall faint nor fail!

MAUD BAGGARLEY

# Snappy Sketches From Life

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BY STUDENTS OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

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## II

### Satisfaction, or Money Refunded

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BY FRANCIS SMITH

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The smallest pig sometimes squeals the loudest. How forcibly this thought was impressed upon me in a recent incident connected with Mr. Tightwad's first, last, and only contribution to a charity fund!

Mrs. O'Hooligan's husband had died recently, leaving her nothing in the world but a family of eight ever-hungry Irish boys and girls, a mortgage on her home, and the memory of Tim's love for a "dhrop o' the crature."

For some time people had discussed means of helping the unfortunate woman; but nothing came of it until the chairman of the Good Fellows Lodge suggested that each member be required to visit the citizens for contributions. The resolution was carried and the work was soon under way.

Two weeks later the report showed a total of fifteen hundred dollars. The secretary, having been appointed to take the money to Mrs. O'Hooligan, walked over to the shack which the O'Hooligans called home.

"Come in," called Mrs. O'Hooligan, cheerfully, in response to his knock. "Oh, it's Mr. Graham, I—er—thought—have a chair," she continued, wiping the dripping soap-suds from her arms with her apron, and dusting a dilapidated chair with the same garment. "It's a purty warm day, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," agreed the secretary, ignoring the proffered chair. "Mrs. O'Hooligan, the Good Fellows Lodge has been aware of your circumstances for some time; and we took up a little collection of fifteen hundred dollars, which we hope you will be able to use."

"Fifteen hundred dollars! Oh, Mr. Graham, it's so good of you, but I can't take it, because I just got a letter from some lawyers in Chicago, sayin' that Tim's uncle has died an' left us five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand dollars! Well, that certainly is fine, Mrs. O'Hooligan, I am heartily glad to hear it. Take good care of it,



and you won't have to wash any more," responded the secretary, as he started back to the lodge.

The next question was what to do with the money. It would take a long time to refund it to the contributors. The committee finally decided to give it to the public library for some much-needed books.

A notice was published in the newspaper, stating the decision of the committee. The contributors were told that if anyone had an objection to the arrangement, his money would be refunded.

No one called for a refund except Mr. Tightwad, who said he had never used the public library, and never intended to do so, that books only made educated fools out of people; and that, therefore, he wanted his money back.

"Very well," said the chairman. "What is the amount of Jonah Tightwad's contribution, Mr. Graham?"

The secretary turned over a few leaves, ran his fingers down the page, paused, smiled, and replied:

"Ten cents."

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## The Greenhorn

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BY WM. H. SNELL

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"Come, old boy, jog along or it's goin' to be dark before we git to the Flyin' W."

The speaker was a man about twenty-five years of age. His ungainly form, with slouch sombrero, long, red hair, scattering, stubby beard of two weeks' growth, blue denims shirt, chapless legs, and low-heeled, cowhide boots, reminded one of some overgrown boy from the farm.

His horse was rather heavily built for the office he was filling, and the horseman's seat was one of the old-fashioned stock saddles that had seen better days. The bridle was minus a throat latch and one of the reins was of green cowhide.

"I guess the Flying W outfit will get one of the biggest surprises that's happened to it fer some time," chuckled the rider. "And the boys at the Pitchfork are going to be rather short of cash, too, this month, or I don't look like old man Dickson's clodhopper."

He was not aware of two horsemen approaching from the rear, until one of the horses sneezed. Then turning round and giving way to a look of surprise and admiration, he waited for the riders to speak. The splendid outfits of the cowboys from the Flying W stood out in contrast with his own makeshift; and their trim-built ponies seemed rather impatient when their speed was reduced to that of the jaded old horse they had overtaken.

"Hello, pardner," spoke up the older of the two men. "Have ye seen any of the Flying W steers over on the Stinkin' water this fall?"

"I don't know nothin' 'bout Flying W cows. I live up on Sage Creek. Besides, I'm goin' up to the Pitchfork to git a job, if I can, breakin' bronchos. They say Buck Moore is workin' up there, and he's the best twister in the hull country. Bet yer life, I'm goin' to git a job helping him, if I can."

"So you're a broncho twister, are ye? Well, my name's, Benton. I'm foreman of the Flying W, and this is Shorty Bates. Jest call me Benton for short, and Bates ye can call Shorty, becuz he's so ding-busted long," and the hills echoed with the hearty laughter of the two riders.

"Wall, Dad he didn't want me to take ter twistin'; but I 'lowed as how with what I know already, I could soon become a professionalist, and go down to the State fair an' maybe win a prize. Finally Dad jest give me this here outfit and said I could go try it fer a while."

The two men had passed several knowing glances while this conversation had been taking place. Finally Benton, who was always on hand for a rare bit of sport for the boys at the ranch, said,

"You'd better stop over with us a few days, and help Shorty break some fresh ones. And, as long as it's twistin' ye want, ye can sorter git yer hand in before sidin' up to old Buck. By the way, what's yer handle when yer home? Say, yer not Moore yerself are ye, ha! ha! ha! They say he's got red hair and square jaws, but then he's some older than you."

"My name's Sandy Dickson. I'm purty anxious to git up to the Pitchfork; but if I can help ye out a couple of days, I'll stop over, pervidin' there's enough in it."

The trio was almost at the Flying W headquarters, and rather than lose their fun, Benton said,

"I'll give ye five dollars a day, Sandy, if you'll help us. We're pretty blamed hard up fer help. What do ye say?"

Sandy seemed to study deeply for a few moments, then answered,

"I guess I'll take ye up, as it's about night, and I can't git to the Pitchfork today."

As the party rode up to the bunk-house, Benton exclaimed,

"Boys, shake with Sandy Dickson. He's goin' to ride fer us a couple o' days. I'll tell ye we're mighty lucky to hop on to him."

The boys were all "on" in a twinkling; and after the horses had been turned out and supper was over, they returned to the bunk-house to spend the evening in playing poker and telling yarns.

The next morning Benton said to the wrangler, "Bill, run in old Hickory this morning."

Old Hickory was an outlaw. He had thrown every man who had had pluck enough to tackle him. Nowadays he was brought forth only when Benton happened on to some "greenhorn."

After a breakfast of dough-gods, syrup, beef, and black coffee, the boys sauntered down to the corral to cheer up a bit before saddling their horses.

"Well, Sandy," drawled Benton as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe by tapping it on the heel of his boot, "ye can jest throw yer traps on to that little bay first. He'll jolt yer breakfast down; then ye can side up to the big sorrel that stands over by the fence."

Sandy slid over the fence rather clumsily with his rope, which was large and limber, and after several trials succeeded in catching two head of horses at once. The boys were splitting their sides to see Sandy's maneuvers. There was a snort, a kick, a plunge and Sandy was jerked head-long, losing all hold of the rope. The outcome of it was, that the boys caught the little bay and helped Sandy saddle him.

As Sandy did not have any spurs, Bill tossed him a pair saying,

"Put these diggers on, and show us how twistin's done. We know ye can do it."

Sandy took them and after a number of trials succeeded in getting them adjusted correctly. Meanwhile, the little bay was jumping and plunging in a way that might easily scare a greenhorn; finally, however, under the management of strong hands, he was brought to a standstill, but with his legs braced as though his next move would be upward.

"I don't believe I'd better tackle him," said Sandy. "He might put me down."

"Oh, you can ride him, old hand—you can ride him," came from several of the men at once, who thought they were going to lose their fun after all.

Sandy was finally persuaded to mount, which he did very awkwardly. He soon had in his hands all the loose leather he could find, and it looked as if the first move of the horse would give him a free trip to the sun. Much of the little bay's ginger, however, had been taken out of him during the process of saddling; and so after a few crow hops, he began to sulk. Sandy did not lose his grip of the saddle horn until after the horse had ceased hopping. A broad grin crossed his face as he said rather boastingly,

"Guess I *kin* ride 'em. Jest bring on yer old sorrel and I'll nix him, too."

Although the boys had been disappointed thus far, they knew

that old Hickory would play his part in the game. The outlaw seemed to know what was coming, and was saddled with little trouble.

"I say," whispered Shorty, "let's hobble his stirrups so he won't get caught when old Hickory shakes 'im."

"You fellers want to bet I can't ride that old plug?" queried Sandy from the fence, where he had been enjoying the situation. "I know I kin ride him, if Benton will let me wear them feather-legs of hisn."

The chaps in question were made of the best angora goat skin, and had cost the foreman thirty dollars, a few days ago.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Sandy," said Benton. "You can take my chaps and quirt, and there's a company rig already on the old sorrel; and if you can rid 'im, you can keep the hull blamed outfit, old Hickory to boot."

"Jest take 'em off, then, and I'll show ye how he'll take me to the Pitchfork tonight."

Sandy suddenly stepped up to the horse with an open knife and cut the buckskin thong that Shorty had used to hobble the stirrups; and before any one could speak, he had placed one hand on the pommel and bounded into the saddle.

Old Hickory twisted and turned, swapped ends, plunged, and kicked; but Sandy was riding straight up—transformed in a way that made every cowboy open his eyes in amazement.

When the old horse could not unseat his rider any other way, he tried his never-before-failing trick, that of coming over backward. But when he hit the ground Sandy was not there. Before the outlaw was fully upon his feet, Sandy was again in the saddle.

Old Hickory tried the same stunt again, but the loaded end of a quirt came down between his ears and he stumbled to his knees. Slowly he arose again, determined, it seemed, with one final effort to rid himself of this human sticking-plaster.

The boys had never seen anything like it; and although they knew now that they had been taken in at their own game, they could not help admiring this strange adventurer.

A few minutes more of desperate lunging, and the sorrel straightenend the crook in his back and galloped off. Sandy rode off a quarter of a mile, wheeled his conquered steed, and pulled up before his astonished admirers. Throwing one leg over the horn of the saddle he said,

"If you fellows will cinch old Star, I'll just jog on to the Pitchfork. I think Dickson will need the old horse to plow with, and I am anxious to get back to the ranch and pocket some other stakes that depended on the outcome of this fracas. And by the



way," he added with a wink, "when you come up the river, call in. Buck's cabin is always open to his friends."

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## A Shepherd's Soliloquy

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BY LEROY J. ROBERTSON

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"Indeed, it has actually happened; for there on the outside hangs the fresh lion skin, while down in the gully a bald-mountain lion startles the little lambs and terrifies their mothers no more. And who, pray, was the Moses of these wandering, bleating Israelites? This morning heard somebody say it was I; but to-night finds the good somebody far away, while the honorable I is left to converse with a dog.

"Well, Spot, let's be sociable and spend the evening—oh, say, at tangoing. You see this tent? It is an admirable ball-room. The candle reflects its walls strikingly—especially the dirt and grease-goblins! And the cricket musicians outside are very proficient indeed. We have everything but the lady, and perhaps—

"What? Stretching and yawning? What is it you are saying—'ewe'?"

"The very thing; there are hundreds of them out there who would no doubt be glad of a chance to show off their fancy steps. *My*, but you are a wise dog. And then there's that old lion's mate, Spot. She certainly put in an appearance last night. I wonder how her lord and master's pelt looked to the blonde? However, if she wishes to try the new steps, she can for all of me—I mean with me—after a bullet has made her a third eye socket!

"By jove, Spot, the gun is down under that red pine; down there where we found the young lamb sucked of its blood! You know I gave you the rest of the innocent thing for your dinner, and then walked away, not thinking about the rifle. That was what made me forget. If you had gone without that one big meal, perhaps it would have been better for both of us tonight, don't you think?"

"Poor old Spot, sound asleep. That's what happens to other mortals on a full stomach. Dreaming, no doubt, of by-gone dog days!

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"All still as death. Even the merry tinkles of the little round sheep bells have been drowned in the quietude of the darkness. The cricket orchestra has hopped into Nature's covers, and its chirp is lulled into silence by the soft sailing of clouds. Now a

gust of air moans softly, for the pine needles have pricked it; again all is restful in the calm bliss of night.

"Old boy, I'm going to bed. Somehow, something keeps pounding at my heart. Could there be any reason for being afraid? Oh, no, I'm not afraid; but still it feels as if I were. I haven't got the gun, so there is no need of worrying about accidentally shooting myself; but I wish I did have it, so I could—just the same. Spot, I'm going to bed."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Awake again. Did I not hear something?"

"'Flap! flap!'"

"Am I dreaming? Is it the old lion's tail whacking against the tent? Listen! Is something prowling outside? Spot!"

"You growl, old boy; better get your eyes open."

"'Flap! flap! flap!—what is that?"

"Oh, if we had our thirty-two here, Spot, we wouldn't be acting this way tonight. All those shells lying in that box, and every one useless. Why, they're not all rifle shells! There is a box for a revolver—for Tom's automatic. And now I remember, he left it under the pillow! Good! here it is! The joke, Spot, will turn I think presently."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Our visitor must be pretty near. Still, the sheep are all lying quiet. Perhaps she is down in the oak brush, waiting for a chance to surprise them and get her thirst quenched before morning. I know it was she, for no other creature could—"

"'Flap! flap! flap! O-oo! o-oo! o-oo!'"

"The joke's on us, Spot! Only an owl flying off into the nowhere of darkness!"

Watermelons are getting so plenty around Obar that farmers are feeding them to the hogs. We had several this week.—Obar (New Mexico) *Progress*.

The Lady: "Well, I'll give you twopence, not because I think you deserve it, mind, but because it pleases me."

The Tramp: "Thank yer, mum; couldn't yer make it sixpence, an' thoroughly enjoy yourself?"—*From "The Sketch."*

"Moike!"

"What is it, Pat?"

"Shposin' Oi was to have a fit?"

"Yis."

"And vez had a pint of whiskey?"

"Yis."

"Would vez kneel down and put the bottle to me lips?"

"Oi would not."

"Yez wouldn't?"

"No. Oi could bring vez to ver fate quicker by shtandin' up in front of vez and dhrinkin' it meself."—*London Tit-bits.*

## Testimony—The Little White Slaver\*

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BY HEBER J. GRANT

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I earnestly hope that the time I may occupy may be for our mutual benefit. I would not willingly say anything to detract in the least from the splendid things we have heard, from the start of this conference until the present time. The Lord has, indeed, been good to us in all of our meetings, and I have rejoiced in having representatives shake hands with me and say, "this has been the best mutual conference that we have ever had." From my early manhood I have heard this remark made time and time again with reference to our general conferences, and I am always grateful, whenever I hear it, because it brings to me the conviction that the inspiration of the Lord has been present at our conferences, and that the word of God, through his servants and handmaidens, has found an echo in the hearts of those present so that they have in very deed been fed the bread of life.

While it was a surprise to our dear Aunt Emmeline B. Wells to speak here tonight, the moment she came into the meeting, I am sure that more than one of us felt that she was entitled to say something upon this occasion. As she has told us, there are few remaining who were personally acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, and to me there is nothing that I more appreciate than the testimonies borne by Aunt Em and others who were acquainted with the Prophet Joseph, who knew him, listened to his testimony from his own lips, and who did not have to take it second-handed.

I am grateful for the knowledge that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, the Savior of the world, and that Joseph Smith is his prophet; and that we possess, in very deed, the plan of life and salvation. It is always a source of joy and satisfaction, however, notwithstanding the revelations of the Holy Spirit to me of the divinity of this work and of the mission of the Prophet, to hear the testimony of men and women whom I have known all my life to be honest, pure and upright, bearing testimony of their own individual acquaintance and knowledge of the life and labors of the Prophet Joseph.

I cannot remember when I did not know Sister Wells. My mother was the president of the Thirteenth Ward Relief Soci-

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\*From the closing address of President Heber J. Grant, M. I. A. conference, June 13, 1915.

ety for over thirty years; and Aunt Em was associated with her as one of the officers of that association until she was promoted to be one of the general officers. The testimony she has borne to you tonight, that when Sidney Rigdon was trying to be appointed guardian for the Church, or, to put it in plain English, trying to steal the whole Church, that God saw fit to manifest to the people who was to be the successor of Joseph Smith, by causing Brigham Young to speak with the voice, power, and inspiration of Joseph, and to be transformed, in the eyes of those who saw him, to look like the Prophet. I have heard my own dear mother bear this testimony, time and time again. I have heard it from the lips of men and women, than whom no more honest, virtuous, upright people ever drew the breath of life. While we do not know by actual experience that testimonies regarding the divinity of this work, have been given to us by those who were blessed with the inspiration of Almighty God, yet they are strengthening to our faith. They cause joy and satisfaction, and are ever sweet to our ears.

Testimonies like that borne to us here tonight by Aunt Em are in very deed the bread of life to the young Latter-day Saints, who have not an absolute knowledge for themselves. To them testimonies of this kind are calculated to inspire within them a desire to seek for light, for an individual knowledge, or testimony for themselves, regarding the divinity of this great latter-day work. And I have no doubt whatever, that all who seek will find.

So far as the faith of the young Latter-day Saints are concerned, it is my belief that, in proportion to the numbers of young men and women in the Church who are living up to the three great principles referred to here today by Elder Junius F. Wells: namely, prayer to God, observance of the Word of Wisdom, and the studying of the word of God in the holy Scriptures, that there is more adherence to these doctrines today among the Latter-day Saints than there was, pro rata, forty years ago when these associations were organized. People not of our faith may believe that the youth of Zion can be converted from the faith of their fathers and their mothers, but I expect them to be disappointed. Some of our young people will fall by the wayside, but in my heart I have a firm belief that, as the years roll round, many who are careless and indifferent today, who, because of a little learning, secured in colleges and other places, may apparently have drifted away, in the providences of the Lord will return to the fold. Why? Because there has been implanted in the hearts of the young men and the young women of this Church love of God and love of virtue; and with virtue as the foundation upon which to build, I expect these boys and these girls to come back to us.



As I listened to the splendid though brief address of Mr. Dale, today, and heard of the work being accomplished by the boy scouts, and of how he said he stood up in his graduation class and told how he expected to solve the problems of the world, I naturally reflected that there are many of our young people who are in that condition. Like him, however, they afterwards learn that they are to solve problems within themselves, and to discover, as he had the follies and the failures, and to see things correctly, within himself. I remember reading of an aged professor saying to his class, "There are none of us perfect, not even the youngest." I believe that with a firm foundation of virtue, love of God, and a prayerful desire to do right, such as is implanted in the hearts of the children of Zion, sooner or later those who may have drifted away will return; also that there are today a greater number, in proportion to the population, who are faithful, diligent, and are serving God, than there has ever before been in the Church. As a whole, fewer things that we are commanded to let alone, are being partaken of by the Latter-day Saints than ever before; and I believe that the time is coming when those who do not obey, in very deed, the Word of Wisdom, will not stand as leaders among this people, local, or in the stakes, or as the general authorities. So far as I know, all of the general authorities of the Church are observers of the Word of Wisdom.

It is a source of disappointment to me that I have not been able to announce to the delegates representing the young men, from all parts of the country where we have organized stakes of Zion, to call at the ERA office at the close of this conference and accept, with the compliments of the General Board, a copy of a little pamphlet, which I hold in my hand, entitled, *The Case Against the Little White Slaver*. I was authorized to wire Mr. Henry Ford for a thousand copies to be given to our delegates, but the books have not arrived. They may arrive today. If so, we will be pleased to have delegates call at the ERA office tomorrow, and secure this pamphlet. The book is an attack—I don't know that I need to use the word "attack"—it is a statement of facts against the cigarette. The president of the Great American Tobacco Company challenged Mr. Ford for having gotten out an interview against the cigarette, and he wrote a long letter, a year ago, demanding that a retraction be made, and the retraction contains some of the facts that condemn the cigarette from A to Z. It has a statement and a photograph of the great inventor, Thomas A. Edison, who announces that he does not employ any person who smokes cigarettes. This is a day of efficiency. Many of the greatest manufacturing institutions in the United States, and many of the great railroads will not, under any circumstances, employ a boy or a man who uses cigarettes. Mr. Hill, who stands at the head of the tobacco trust, says, among other things, that

one of the reasons why we ought to believe that cigarettes are all right is that there has been a wonderful increase in the number made. But that only shows that men are using more of the articles that are detrimental to their bodily health. He says the increase in cigarette smoking in the United States, in recent years, is shown by figures. In 1900, two billion six hundred thousand cigarettes were made in this country; and in 1913, fifteen billion eight hundred million cigarettes were made, an increase of seven hundred per cent. So far as we are concerned as Latter-day Saints, I believe there has been no such increase among us.

Mr. Ford's secretary defends the interview given out by Henry Ford against the cigarette—because he is the man who gave it out. I think he has succeeded admirably in defending Mr. Ford's position. In his reply to Mr. Hill he alludes to the fact that one of the magistrates in New York, where Mr. Hill resides, declares that ninety-nine per cent of the boys between the ages of ten and seventeen years who come before him charged with crime have their fingers disfigured by cigarette stain. Mr. Edison, in his statement, announces that the effect upon the brain is to destroy its activity and power; that there is a poison in the paper that works against the brain of man.

A gentleman, for thirty years engaged in teaching shorthand, says: "I have yet to discover among the thousands of young men whom I have in my classes, a single instance where a young man who became a slave to the cigarette habit, during my years of experience, who has been able to develop into more than a third or fourth rate stenographer. The effects of the cigarette habit appears to be such that it is utterly impossible for those addicted to it to become first-class stenographers, although in many cases I have known such young men to struggle heroically to fit themselves to do high grade stenographic work."

Prof. Fred J. Pack, of the University of Utah, has compiled a great many statistics upon this subject. Of sixty-two colleges and universities making tests, it is shown that of a total of two hundred ten men tested for positions on the athletic teams, of the non-smokers 65.8 per cent were successful; of the smokers, only 33.3 per cent were successful.

Dr. Pack has announced that in the geological journeys he has taken with the boys over the mountains, no boy who is a cigarette smoker ever reached the top of the mountain with the boy who left this thing alone. On more than one occasion, when the test was a long and steady effort, it would be the boy who was addicted to the cigarette habit who failed.

In the *Literary Digest* of last June, it was said that for fifty long years, in the Harvard University, no man who had used tobacco had ever graduated at the head of his class.

Truly the Lord inspired Joseph Smith, when he said that to-

bacco was not good for man, but was an herb for sick cattle.

*The Strength of Being Clean*, by David Starr Jordan, is a vindication of the inspiration of the Lord to Joseph Smith, in giving to the world this revelation called the Word of Wisdom.

Mr. H. Wiley, chief of the Federal Bureau of Chemistry, at Washington, says:

"I commend Mr. Ford in this thing, and all people who join in the efforts to curtail or restrict, obliterate or destroy, the pernicious habit of cigarette smoking. The use of cigarettes is very injurious to the heart and nerves of all who smoke them, especially boys of tender years, or women who smoke because they think the practice is smart. The effect may not be so great upon people of mature years, but in any cases, no matter how old a man or woman is, smoking cigarettes is harmful, and strikes a direct blow at the most vital organ of the body. It weakens the heart's action, the engine of the physical frame of man. Destroy the engine, and what good is an automobile or any other piece of machinery? Destroy the heart, and what good is the balance of the machinery? For this reason, it is difficult for the cigarette addict to engage in athletics. He finds he is easily winded, and is lacking in endurance, and soon loses all ambition to engage in sports, or, in fact, in any useful occupation, associating with others of his kind, and soon ends up in the pool room, reform school or penitentiary. It is estimated that 96 per cent of our youthful criminals are cigarette addicts. The boy with a weakened heart is more apt to succumb to typhoid fever or other acute disease. The cigarette injures the boy morally. He is almost as difficult to impress as the cocaine fiend. Mike Donovan, who for thirty years has been the athletic director of the New York Athletic Club, says: 'Any boy who smokes can never hope to succeed in any line of endeavor, as smoking weakens the heart and lungs and ruins the stomach, and affects the entire nervous system. If a boy or young man expects to amount to anything in athletics, he must let smoking and all kinds of liquor alone. They are rank poison to his athletic ambition.'"

Mr. Hall, in his letter to Mr. Ford, says:

"There is nothing injurious in the paper with which cigarettes are made."

Mr. Patterson, of Georgia, replies:

"Several years ago I stepped into a grocery store and asked to buy a package of cigarette papers such as were given away at that time with Durham smoking tobacco. I took two small bottles. In one of these bottles I placed fifteen of these cigarette papers, and in the other an equal thickness of tissue paper. I found that a few drops from the bottle containing the cigarette papers would kill a mouse quicker than you could say Jack Robinson, while a teaspoonful from the other bottle would simply cause another mouse to fight in self-defense."

Others have tried the experiment with the same results. Mr. Mack, a name familiar to all baseball people, says:

"It is my candid opinion that boys of the age of ten to fifteen, who have contracted the habit of smoking cigarettes, do not as a rule amount to anything. They are enfeebled in every way for any kind

of work where brains are needed. No boy or man can expect to succeed in this world to a high position who contracts the use of cigarettes."

Dr. John A. Widtsoe has also shown how the scientific world has proved the truth of the claim that Joseph Smith was inspired in his teachings of the Word of Wisdom. I rejoice when I read books commending and upholding the doctrines of God that have come to us through his inspired servants.

It has fallen to my lot, although I only ran across this little pamphlet, *The Case Against the Little White Slaver*, a few weeks ago, to distribute three hundred copies of it, and I expect to distribute more.

The gospel of Jesus Christ brings joy, peace, happiness, contentment, and an abiding faith that we shall meet our Redeemer.

May God help us, as young men and young women, to be loyal to it, to be true to the faith of our fathers. O how I rejoice when I hear that beautiful hymn of the pioneers,

"And should we die before our journey's through,  
Happy day! all is well!  
We then are free from toil and sorrow too;  
With the just we shall dwell."

I regret that the people sat down this morning, after singing three verses of the hymn. I never want to hear that hymn in any public gathering without that last verse, expressing that sublime prayer, faith, and integrity that our fathers had, that even if they died, all was well! May we, the youth of Israel, be worthy of *such fathers and mothers by discarding all evil and by observing* the Word of Wisdom, and all other laws of God, is my prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus. Amen.

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### The Lesson for the Day

George Ade says that when a certain college president in Indiana, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year he observed that it was "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that the year had opened with the largest freshman year in its history." Then, without any pause, the good man turned to the lesson for the day, the third Psalm, and began to read in a voice of thunder.

"'Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!'"—Lippincott's.



## After the Struggle—What?

When the war is o'er, and Tommy  
Returns with glory wrote  
On his weather-beaten features  
And his stained and faded coat,  
Will we hail him as a hero?  
Tell how gallantly he fought?  
Consider, please, one moment—  
After the struggle—What?

Perhaps we'll have a banquet,  
And speeches, songs and cheers;  
Perhaps we'll grasp his brawny hand,  
And share his good wife's tears;  
But when the glamor's over,  
And Tommy calls for aid,  
Will we throw him out the life-line,  
The help for which he prayed?

If he wears his ragged khaki,  
And hobbles on a crutch,  
Will we meet him as a brother,  
And welcome him as such?  
Or should he ask for pennies,  
Will we pass him proudly by,  
With eyes too hard for pity,  
With ears that quench his cry?

Or, if he's lost his sturdy arm  
In Freedom's holy cause,  
Will we put him on the pay-roll?  
Or scratch our heads and pause?—  
Then say: "My man, I'm really sorry,  
I really pity you;  
But we have no place for cripples,  
And—well—your story isn't new."

And will we turn and grimly smile  
And gloat o'er fortune sweet,  
While he, forlorn and helpless, turns  
Into the cold, cold street?  
When the struggle's o'er will we deck him  
With bars and medals bright?  
Will we write his name on the Honor Roll  
And sing of his gallant fight?

Fool World! What use are medals  
To victims of hellish lead?  
Fine words and martial music  
Make mighty sodden bread.  
When the war is o'er, and Tommy  
Returns to a bitter lot,  
As Christians, answer this question:  
After the struggle—What?

FRANK C. STEELE

# The Galician Retreat—Greece and the War

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BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER

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## *The Great Military Drive*

The greatest operation or drive in war that the world has ever witnessed has recently been enacted in one of the provinces of Austria known as Galicia. The combined armies of the Germans and Austrians in a struggle fierce beyond all description drove the Russians step by step out of this Polish province and undid the work of the Russian army so brilliantly accomplished over a period of more than six months. What is the meaning of this drive?

First, it demonstrates the overwhelming superiority of the German munitions of war.

Second, That armies cannot fight as they have formerly done to any advantage, at great distances from the base of their supplies; that a compact army in a compact country is the army most likely to win out.

Third, that the Austrians themselves are no match, single-handed, for the Russians.

No country in the present war has such numerous difficulties to overcome as Russia, from the fact that the base of Russian supplies is so far from the recent scenes of her engagements. Russia needs more ammunition and better artillery. All that will come to her. If the drive is continued until Russia is forced back more into the interior of her country, she may be in a position that will make it impossible even for the allied armies of Germany and Austria to withstand her. In the present war, the most interesting thing is to be found in the fact that it is the unexpected that we may always be looking for. Think of it—the modern rifle put out of date by the Maxim gun that can send a hundred messengers of death while the most up-to-date rifle is sending out a single bullet. These new rapid-fire guns are reduced in size and weight to meet the needs of infantry on their march, as they are said to be little heavier than the modern rifle. If the rifle must go, with it must go a large part of infantry tactics, and the nations are now awaiting a new era in the military powers of the world. The present tactics of the great war are transforming the

old methods of fighting into something entirely new, something that military men hardly dreamed of.

### *The Greeks and the War*

The recent course of diplomacy in Greece has been one of the most readable chapters in the stirring events of Europe. The question is often asked, Will Greece enter the war? The decision of that country, in the matter of casting its lot with the warring factions of Europe, has really rested with one of the most remarkable women in Europe—Queen Sophia, sister of the German emperor, and the granddaughter of Queen Victoria. She has succeeded in staying the hand of Venezelos, the most distinguished statesman of Greece today, a statesman who stands well in comparison with the great men of that continent. She is the wife of King Constantine, whose father's tragic death at Salonika put him on the throne. He had never been popular in Greece, and at one time was banished. He was without any financial support, and was on the eve of joining the Russian army when Venezelos, the great Greek patriot, recalled him to Greece and re-established him in his rights to the throne, and his place in the Greek army. During the recent Balkan war, the prince distinguished himself for gallantry, and the willingness of the Greek people to reconcile themselves to his rule has made his life and that of his wife more agreeable to them at Athens. During the hours of his misfortune there was a separation between him and Sophia, and she seems, in her marriage to him, to have had more consideration for the exalted rank he occupied than for the companionship of a man who in most things, if not all, was her inferior.

When the recent European war broke out, the majority of the Greeks were in favor of the Allies. Venezelos planned to put an army in the field at the time that the siege of the Dardanelles began. For the declaration of war, it was necessary for King Constantine to sign the order. His hand, however, was stayed, notwithstanding the clamor in Athens for it. Behind him there was a restraining influence which he could not brook—the influence of a strong-minded, dominating personality—Queen Sophia. She was always ready to take issue not only on great questions, but with great personages. She quarreled with her brother, the emperor, and for years they were not on speaking terms. She was the controlling factor in the social life of the ruling dynasty at Athens. One need not wonder at the remarkable persistency and ability of that woman when it is recalled that she is the daughter of the empress dowager of Germany, and the granddaughter of one of the most remarkable women of England, Queen Victoria. Her mother, in the days of Bismarck, when his

star was in the ascendancy, was often said to be his greatest rival in the exercise of the diplomatic functions belonging to the German empire.

Recently, conditions have changed in Greece. Venezelos appealed to the people in an election to contest the wish of the electorate as to whether Greece should go to war. The great premier was successful. That has put the queen beneath the shadow of pronounced public expression. At the same time, the announcement comes to us that the king has just undergone an operation that endangers his life. Chances of recovery are against him, and even should he recover, it is said that he will not be in a condition to reassume the duties and responsibilities of a king, that it will be necessary to appoint his son George, regent, at Athens. George was trained in the military regime of Potsdam. He belonged to the youthful military aristocracy of Berlin. In spite of this fact, he is not friendly to his uncle, the emperor. He is pro-Russian and pro-English in his views, as well as in his diplomacy. He is, therefore, in direct antagonism with his mother, and these two strong characters are now in hostile attitude toward each other. With them, the king of Greece does not count. The king is dominated by his wife, and opposed by his son. In the midst of all this domestic contention and rivalry, no wonder the world is curious about Greece.

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CLIFF DWELLINGS IN RUINS



# Would Prohibition be a Financial Loss or Gain?

BY GEORGE GARDNER

The only argument that has been given against prohibition is a financial one, and that has been considered from the standpoint of the liquor interests.

Liquor causes crime that costs the United States \$300,000,000 annually; and we pay for it with our taxes each year, to say nothing of the annoyance this crime has been to society. It has thrown upon us more than two million paupers that we have to feed, clothe and warm. Ellwood, in his *Sociology and Modern Social Problems*, estimates the annual cost of crime in the United States to be \$600,000,000. He estimates that intemperance figures as the cause in about fifty per cent of the cases. Other investigations have found intemperance to be the cause of eighty per cent of the crime. The work of this committee, however, did not seem to be so complete as the work Ellwood based his conclusions upon. And still, other committees have placed the estimate a little lower than Ellwood.

But as the data was gathered in 1900, and the cost of crime has been increasing, the cost due to drink would be over \$300,000,000 rather than under. Ellwood also estimates that we have ten million paupers in the United States, and gives intemperance as the cause of twenty-five per cent\* of the poverty. He also cites the report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor, which gives thirty-nine per cent as the cause; and another report of a committee of fifty that found intemperance to be directly, and indirectly the cause of forty-one per cent of pauperism. Two million would be a very conservative estimate of the people we care for, because of liquor.

There is also a great economic loss owing to the inefficiency of workmen due to drink. This fact is not disputed, and the employer is quite willing to advance a temperate man faster than he is one who drinks.

The cost of liquor for the United States, in 1914, was \$1,127,734,395.† This is an enormous amount of money. It is more

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\*Warner, in his "American Charities," gives the same estimate.

†"The World Encyclopedia and Almanac," by the Press Pub. Co., for 1915, page 250.

than the value of the wheat\* crop for that year, and more than the value of the cotton. - What a quantity of flour that money would have bought! If put in fifty-pound sacks and twelve of them placed side by side, that wide string of sacks would reach round the great earth. That flour would bread the nation and give each of our ninety-eight million people four hundred forty-six loaves.

Our seven great western mining states, Utah, Montana, Arizona, Nevada, California, Colorado, and Idaho, produce gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc; each one of these minerals run into the millions of dollars each year. At Bingham alone there is a great mountain of copper. Steam shovels took enough from this mountain, in 1913, to load four wagons side by side and make a string of wagons reaching from New York to San Francisco. But all of this copper, together with the lead, gold, zinc, and silver, would not pay for the cost of liquor used in that year. Nor would all of the mineral products of the United States, though they reached \$882,980,156.†

We are now celebrating the completion of the Panama canal. It is considered the greatest job in the world, and has required years of labor, \$375,000,000 in gold, and some of the best thought of the American people. In one year the liquor cost of the United States was three times the cost of the greatest job in the world.

Surely this vast amount of money can be put in more productive fields than to produce two million paupers. Surely there can be better returns for that money than a criminal class, that causes us to pay \$300,000,000 for partial safety. Surely there are other markets for the grains used in making whisky, when it is becoming so scarce that many countries are forbidding its being fed to stock. Surely there are other fields for investment when thirty-eight million acres of the finest wheat land in the world, almost equal to the present wheat acreage of the United States, lies within a radius of three hundred miles of Salt Lake; lying idle, waiting for development.

LOGAN, UTAH

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\*"World Encyclopedia and Almanac," 1915, somewhat preliminary as the quantity or price of wheat can not be accurately given at this date. The price has varied unusually.

†From a statement prepared by the United States Geological Survey.

# What Boy Scouts Must Know and Be\*

BY LUDVIG DALE, NATIONAL COMMISSIONER OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I stood one morning, not very long ago, watching some common, ordinary logs floating down a river. I could not help but think how much like the life of those logs is your life and mine. The tree is small; it grows up, is soon found big enough, is cut down. It goes into the river, goes to the sawmill; there they make the most of the timber. They put the timber away to be seasoned; then it goes out to build a house. I have said to boys, time, time and again, it is very much with you as with the log. Boys, now you are growing, growing, and some day you will have to go into the river of life, and there you, like the logs, will have to be in the big jamb occasionally, playing football, base ball, the game of business, and it takes mother, teacher, friend, God, to straighten you out. And then you go to the saw mill, to a school, if you please, and there the teachers try to make the most of the log. I have also told these boys, boys that have knots, that the more knots there are in the timber, the better it is for kindling wood. Do you know you have to cut out the knots, and do you also know, boys, that some day, when you are through with the mill, or school, you are going out as green timber.

How well I can remember the day I stood on a platform as the valedictorian of a high school, and I told the waiting world how it should be run; and I meant it, too. I had not only discovered what was wrong with the world; I had already found the remedy. I discovered, however, in a short time, that the world was not particularly concerned about either me or my remedy, or what was wrong with it. I asked the world, what in the world was wrong any way. I got no reply, and then I asked myself, what is wrong with me? and I found lots of replies. You see I was green timber. I had to be seasoned, by knocks, by disappointments, by disillusion, and then I could go out and help to build the structure we call society. The scout is nothing more and nothing less than the timber to help the boys make the most of the logs, the timber to help them to see the knots there are in their disposition, of disloyalty, of disobedience, of "I don't care." If they don't cut out those knots, they cannot hope to build the right kind of a structure that the world is looking for.

What must the boy scout know and be? Here are some of

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\*A talk in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, on Sunday, 2 p. m., June 13, 1915, at the M. I. A. Conference.

the requirements for a first-class scout. First, you know the boy may become a scout when he is between twelve and eighteen. He must be able to swim fifty yards, take a "hike" of fourteen miles alone, describe what he saw on the way, make a map of the trip. He must know the stars, the trees, the animals of his neighborhood, the city or district in which he lives. He must know how to signal, using the semaphore code or the Morse telegraphic code. He must know what to do in cases of emergency. If a person is taken out of the water, and is apparently drowned, he must know what to do, and how it should be done. Last year, one hundred sixty-six lives in this country were saved by boy scouts who did not lose their heads, but lived up to their boy scout training, "be prepared." They must teach each another boy to become a scout. They must have two dollars in the savings bank. They must show the credit, and how they earned the money, the idea being to teach them the difference between what they are getting and what they are keeping.

The boy scout must prove that he has lived up to the scout law, which is:

"To be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent."

And, ladies and gentlemen, I have stood before a quarter of a million of boys in this world, all through Norway, Sweden, Russia, Finland, everywhere in this country; and you know they have the same pledge, the same promise; and they take it up, and I will ask you to say if it is not a fine thing for your boy and for my boy, and for the boys of the citizens of this great republic:

"On my honor, I will do my best:

"1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the scout law;

"2. To help other people at all times;

"3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

You say, a mighty fine program. Do the boys like it? There are 350,000 of them in this country, three million in twenty-seven countries. There are boy scouts in every city and village in this country, and it has all been done in five years. The boys want it. They meet on Friday evenings usually in what is called a troop meeting, in charge of the scout master. There are twenty-four to thirty boys under his charge. He must be a man of a thousand interested in boys, proven to be a clean, good man, and that he knows how to deal with boys. They learn various things. On Saturdays they take their hikes out in the country, and study in the open, and they meet together once in a while in kindly competition.

Now mind you, scouting is different from athletics. It is not ten thousand people looking at a few in the arena. There is one



standard. It is every healthful, normal boy living up to that one standard. It is not a question of one fellow beating the other fellow, and that he is not as efficient as you are. It is your duty to your brother scout to say, "Come along, and I will show you."

Do you know that over here in the city of Philadelphia, the boy has only to show his badge as a first-class scout, and he is admitted in all civic lines. And then they become civic scouts. Do you know that in Michigan, last year, the boy scouts put out four hundred forty-seven forest fires, saving nearly a million and a half dollars worth of property? Then the humanitarian side. Only a short time ago, a newspaper in Kansas City said: "Will some one come forward and offer some skin to save a poor little colored lass who has been burned nearly to death?" The first morning, a troupe of boys was on hand, and not one of them would give his name to the newspapers. Do you know that in Kansas City four thousand homes were inspected to find out whether they had all complied with the board of health requirements, and in another place forty-seven boys were inspected, and they answered, "Why, if you will give us permission, we will clean up your homes for you. We would like to see them clean."

Can you see what there will be when these boys shall have become citizens? Men who will be humane, interested, efficient, willing and able to help the brother across the way. I stood one evening in the city of Stockholm, Sweden, before a gathering almost as large as this. There were one thousand boy scouts there, and I heard a talk by a little boy fifteen years of age. While I saw the American flag unfurled from the ceiling, and I exulted in that star-spangled banner, that boy was saying, "Let us forget that we are Swedes, let us know only that we are boy scouts; all praying to live the best kind of lives, for our God, for our country, and for our fellows."

And now I am going to ask you what would have happened, if fifty years ago there had been boy scouts? I could see French boy scouts, and English boy scouts sending a message to their brother boy scouts in Germany; how we regret that you, brother boy scouts, should be at enmity, because we have learned to be imbued with sentiments of patriotism and good feeling, and we hope that the war will soon be over, never again to come, because of the boy scouts. These are the kind of principles the boy scouts are learning.

The boy scout is simply an attempt to translate the desires and the ideals and the ambitions of the average, normal boy into controlled action, to show him what to do, and keep him so busy that he hasn't the time to "don't." There is the only scheme that will help the boys. It will mean not only clean minds, clean hearts, efficient hands; it will mean a better city, a better state, and a better nation.

## Editors' Table

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### About Our Conference

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The ERA devotes considerable space in this number to the Annual M. I. A. Conference. Attention is called to the winning public speeches published in this number, together with the proceedings of the conference of Friday, containing the principal business, particularly an account of the literary and musical activities, joint work of the associations, and the closing speech by President Grant.

Officers will do well to scan carefully the instructions relating to contest work for the coming season. In numbers to follow, vital instructions on the spirit of the Gospel in M. I. A. work, the faith of the youth of the Latter-day Saints, given at separate meetings on Saturday, and in the general meetings of Sunday, will be published. The conference was among the best ever held by the M. I. A. An interesting feature was the presence of National Scout Commissioner Ludvig S. Dale, who spoke on three or four occasions to Scout officials, to officers of the M. I. A., and to the general public.

Demonstrations of "Home Evening" and the ward dance by the Social Committee was a very pleasant and instructive feature. A special meeting of superintendents, while not as well attended as it should have been, was one of the important features of the conference. A number of leading speakers gave valuable instructions to the officers.

President Grant's remarks, on Sunday evening, printed in this number, call attention to the faith and testimony of the young people, the evils of tobacco, and the distribution of a thousand copies of the *Little White Slave*, an anti-cigarette pamphlet published by Mr. Ford, which the General Board has authorized distributed free.

There are several features of the annual report of the General Secretary which are of special value to officers and workers. The increase in membership is commendable, and yet, a number of the stakes are very slow to respond to the request of the General Board for a 12 per cent enrollment in the organizations. This should become a slogan for active and persistent work for stakes that are behind the general average, for the coming season. If there were to be active effort in all the stakes in the matter of membership for 1916, there should be at least an increase of ten thousand, making fifty thousand young men as active workers in our

organizations. More attention should be paid to the requirements in the courses of the junior classes, and to the reading course books.

Stake officers will notice that while \$22,143 were collected for local expenditures in the associations, only \$3,463 were contributed to the general fund for the expenses of the General Board, which was nearly \$2,000 less than the actual expenses of the Board this year. We trust that the new method of collecting the Fund, as suggested in the new edition of the *Hand Book*, pages 111 and 112, and presented at the conference, will enable the officers to contribute their full quota for the year 1916, at the opening of the season, so that the Board may continue the splendid work of the Field Secretary and the Scout Commissioner.

The general statistical report of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, prepared from stake reports by Secretary Moroni Snow, for the year ending April 30, 1915, shows a commendable increase in nearly every department of the association, including membership. It appears from the report that there were 704 associations, with 611 having senior and junior classes. The permanent enrollment is 40,090, which is the highest in the history of the organization, and an increase of 5,686 over 1914. There are 19,574 active senior, and 12,422 junior members enrolled, an increase of 2,588 senior, 1,681 junior, or a total of 4,269. There were 998 members away from home attending school, and 784 on missions, which latter is a decrease of 150 as compared with 1914; this is doubtless owing to the Great War. The average attendance in the associations was 18,082, an increase of 2,210.

A larger number of meetings than heretofore were held. These included officers' and regular weekly, joint officers', and monthly meetings, conferences and conventions, making a total of 30,290, an increase of 3,258.

In special activities the report shows that there were 1,241 public lectures, 219 public debates, 585 public contests, 256 public concerts, 639 dramatic entertainments, and 683 athletic meets, with 285 scout contests and demonstrations, making a grand total of special activities and meets of 3,908, an increase of 341. There were 461 scout patrols, as against 277 for last year. There was a slight decrease in the number of public contests, and in athletic meets, otherwise in all these special activities there was an increase, and it is estimated that at least 15,000 people took part in the various activities, aside from the scout work.

The division of class work and reading course shows that there were in the junior classes 1,391 who passed the first year's course, and 1,200 who passed the second year's course. There were 2,017 reading course books in the libraries, and a total of

9,733 books; 2,042 members read one or more of the reading course books.

In the financial department \$22,143.49 were collected, and \$18,457.25 disbursed, leaving a balance on hand in the local associations of \$3,686.24. This did not include the General Fund, but was the amount collected and disbursed in the local associations. Only \$3,463.79 was collected on the General Fund, a decrease of \$311.14 over 1914, and \$1,940.00 less than the actual expense of the General Board.

Six stakes, Beaver, Duchesne, Panguitch, San Juan, Summit and Union, failed to report for the year, and the totals of the year previous, except in finances, were used in the compilation of the figures given above. There were seventeen stakes that obtained 5 per cent or more of the Church population as subscribers for the IMPROVEMENT ERA, and ten stakes that obtained more than 4 per cent.

Cassia, Fremont, Pioneer, Uintah and Woodruff forwarded to the General Secretary 100 per cent of the General Fund. Seventeen stakes have more than 12 per cent (the mark set by the General Board for all the stakes) of their entire population enrolled in the Mutual Improvement Associations. The highest active enrollment was in Alberta stake, with 16.8 per cent, followed by Bear River, with 16.7 per cent, and Young with 16.6. The lowest stake was Panguitch, with an enrollment of 3.9 per cent, followed by Beaver, with 4.3 per cent, Weber 5.6, Ogden 5.7, St. Joseph 6.3, Parowan 6.4, Salt Lake 6.5, and South Sanpete 6.9. Eighteen stakes have 12 per cent enrollment and over; and fifteen have between 10 and 11 per cent enrollment. The Church average is 8.4 per cent.

On the whole, Mutual work is onward and upward. With the young ladies, who are increasing in numbers and good works even more rapidly than the young men, we shall soon have an army of one hundred thousand young men and women full of the spirit of the gospel, true to the faith, ready to render service unto the spiritual, intellectual and temporal salvation of the youth of Zion.

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### A Tribute to Utah.

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The Liberty Bell was exhibited in Salt Lake City during four hours on Sunday, July 11, 1915. It is estimated that 100,000 people in Salt Lake City alone paid homage to the famous revolutionary relic. The morning hour after its arrival at eleven o'clock was devoted to the children, many thousands of whom marched by the Bell, taking a glance at the historic relic. The Sunday Schools were adjourned to give the children the opportunity.



The streets were gaily decorated for this patriotic occasion, and there was a great parade. It was said by the Philadelphia committee, who had the Bell in charge, that no such reception, so far on the way to San Francisco, had been given to them and the Bell since they left Philadelphia. The local committee in charge had everything well in hand, and among the items of entertainment was an organ recital in the Tabernacle, especially permitted by the Presidency of the Church.

In Ogden, also, and in other Utah cities, the Bell and its accompanying contingent were given an ovation. On its way north a member of the Philadelphia Councilmanic committee said to D. S. Spencer, Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Oregon Short Line, according to a news report:

"The farther west we come with the historic bell, the more patriotism and more enthusiasm we find. Today's reception in Utah surpassed any ever accorded the relic. It was a tribute such as was never expected by us. We never will forget what Utah did. Somewhere I have seen a picture of 'Utah's best crop.' I saw the crop itself today, 30,000 strong in one city, Salt Lake; I believe I have seen 100,000 children in Utah today. Utah ought to be proud of its children; they are among the brightest looking children I have ever seen."

To another member of the Utah party the Philadelphia councilman said:

"Philadelphia is known as the 'City of Brotherly Love.' After seeing the children of Utah today, I would like to change the motto of Utah, whatever it may be, to 'The State of Motherly and Fatherly Love.'"

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### A Simple Story, With Two Great Lessons

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Alice Moran, of Oxford, Idaho, writes the ERA of an early experience in England, which taught her two important lessons: "Years ago, when I was a girl living in England, I passed a picture shop. Something attracted my attention and caused me to stop and look in the window. It was a picture. On it was a long row of houses. It had been snowing very hard, and snow was thick upon the ground. Before each door of the houses was a little boy or a girl with a broom trying to brush the snow each from his own doorstep. Oh, how happy they looked, all laughing and trying to work so hard! I have often thought of the words that were under the picture: 'If each before his own door swept, the village would be clean.'

"And while I have thought of those words, they have often taught and shown me a lesson, too. I have frequently said to myself: 'Yes; if I would only look at all my own faults and fail-

ings, and not be so keen and sharp to examine my neighbors'. what a better woman I would be; and if all did so, how much more would we love one another!

"As I have thought of that picture, I have also drawn another lesson from it: What better men and women we would be, if we would only try with the help and strength of our Father in heaven, to love each other more, and try to work for him."

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### **Why not Saloon-Keepers' Liability?**

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The *Times-Review* of North Chicago, Ill., has the story in a nutshell:

Anthony Moran, who lived near here and who had beaten his wife at their home outside the city limits of North Chicago on Twenty-second Street, on a Friday night in February, was arrested, indicted by the grand jury, tried, and convicted of assault with intent to kill, although he sticks to the statement that he "did not know what he was doing." He was sentenced to the penitentiary for fourteen years.

The month before, Mrs. Moran had written a pathetic letter to her husband's employer. Anthony was spending his money on drink when the family had to have coal and food. The company tried to get the saloons to stop his liquor, and, failing, held his wages for her. Then the husband beat her up. Why isn't the saloon liable for this? Here's a woman half killed, a family broken up, a man in jail for fourteen years, and all for a little money in the till, another remittance to the distiller. How long must the rest of us pay the damages for this dirty business?—*Collier's Weekly*.

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### **Messages from the Missions**

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#### CONDITIONS IN HOLLAND

Elder Walter B. Hanks, Leeuwarden, Holland: "On the 9th of May we held a conference here and were blessed greatly with the Spirit of the Lord. Every speaker was led by the Spirit and spoke with power. The attendance, owing to conditions, was not as large as it might have been. There is much prejudice, and we cannot get the people out to hear us so that this prejudice may be broken. The conditions here, owing to the European war, are something awful. In a great many places the food supply is short, the spring is very backward, and many are dying from the want of food and clothing and protection from the weather, as it is very cold at this time of the year. There seems to be no letting up in the shedding of blood; men seem

to be wild as it were and wish to destroy all mankind. O, if the people would only listen to our message of peace and accept the same we might all live in peace, for the gospel means peace. May God soften the hearts of the nations, that they may cease from their wickedness and accept the gospel of Christ. I wish that every person in the world could hear my testimony. It has become so strong that I feel that I could give my life for its establishment."

#### SALE FOR THE NEEDY POOR

R. H. Toolson and R. B. Dunford of the Rochdale branch of the Manchester conference call attention to a sale of work recently held for the purpose of gathering into the storehouse means to assist the needy poor. "To President E. P. Dalton and her corps of faithful and energetic workers is due the unique success of the endeavor. The sale continued for three days—18th, 19th and 20th of March and was opened by Sister Ida B. Smith who is the president of the Relief Societies of the European mission. During the three days' sale a large variety of articles were disposed of which brought in a good sum. The purpose of the Relief Society was explained. A lunch room was



also provided where delicacies were served and a concert room where entertainment was provided. President White of the Manchester conference and Elders Samuel Nichols and Oscar J. Bennion acted as chairmen. The people are: Standing, R. H. Toolson, Alice Marcroft, Thomas Pullen, Annie Dalton, Lillie Jones, R. B. Dunford, Chrissie Barnes, Jennie Hotte; seated: C. A. White, Nellie Pannall, E. P. Dalton, Ida B. Smith, James Davis, Doris Marcroft."

#### THE CITY IN DARKNESS

Elder Clarence E. Bramwell, Gateshead, England, June 8: "Our efforts to further the cause of truth are quite successful here, though the war conditions are rather serious. We are allaying prejudice and

adding many valuable friends, who treat us royally. Some converts are made. We often bring on pleasant conversations through consideration of present conditions. The 'Mormon' missionaries who last tried to set forth the gospel in Newcastle were mobbed and ill-treated, and some told us that if we attempted to hold meetings here we also would receive bad treatment. We held a very successful meeting, however, on April 25, in the Big Market, in the central part of town. A large crowd gathered and listened attentively. Several men came up at the close of the meeting who desired to hear us explain our doctrine further. We talked with them until about eleven o'clock, and then gave them our address and asked them to call on us. Since that time we have held several open air meetings, at the same place, with good success. Owing to the fact that the great Ellswick, Armstrong & Whitworth works, where battleships, firearms, and ammunition are manufactured, are located here, we are in darkness. The windows of the dwelling houses even have to be dark. This is done for fear of German air raids. In consequence of the air raid on April 21, thousands of men in the above mentioned works stood for four hours in darkness, as it was believed that the enemy's aircraft was headed for these works, but the pilot lost his way, owing to the city being in complete darkness. We are handicapped on account of the shortage of missionaries, but considering our numbers we have favorable results. Elders laboring here are: John M. Rothlisberger, Eagar, Ariz.; Willis J. Thomas, Blackfoot, Idaho; Clarence E. Bramwell, Ogden, Utah."

## CONDITIONS IN ENGLAND

"Inasmuch as many of the readers of the ERA are relatives and friends of the elders in this conference, I thought this would be of interest for a small space in your magazine. The elders from left to



ELDERS LABORING IN THE LONDON CONFERENCE

right, back row are: I. S. Campbell, M. W. Hendricks, H. S. Pyne, Jr., L. B. Merrill, F. S. Lyman, R. V. Barnes, J. P. Egan, L. Eagar,



L. L. Jackson Middle row, C. F. Powell, L. A. Southwick, J. A. Maynes, conference president; Selina J. Maynes, E. M. Greenwood, R. H. Jones. Bottom row, J. V. Olsen, C. D. Hemsley, Dorothy Maynes, R. P. Stratford and H. J. Layton.

"Allow me, as a representative of this conference, to congratulate the staff upon the splendid May number of the ERA. It gets better each time, and as one of the brethren expressed it, 'It always fills the bill.' One article of special note, is that of 'Successful Presiding' and has done an untold amount of good among the Saints. Three special cases that I know of individuals giving up tea drinking because of that wonderful illustration and lesson found in same. It did for some of them what our sermons have failed to do for months and years. We as elders are proud to circulate this publication among the people. Our work goes on nicely, with but few hitches on account of the war. England has declined in many ways since the outbreak of war, yet there are many golden opportunities for the willing servant of God to establish truth in the hearts of the humble in spirit. One only need reflect a moment to call to mind many prophecies that were uttered hundreds of years ago, and open his eyes to find them being fulfilled on all sides. We, therefore, realize to a certain extent the importance of our mission and the need of striving daily to bear testimony unto all whom we come in contact, pleading earnestly and manfully to establish in their hearts that which we are so proud of, 'Mormonism.' May the Lord bless you and your co-workers in your untiring efforts of righteousness."—LAURENCE A. SOUTHWICK.

#### NEW FACULTY HOME

Walter T. Patrick, L. D. S. Maori Agricultural College, Hastings, New Zealand, writes that during the past summer Elders Hintze,



Smith, Fairbourn, Wilkinson and Patrick were engaged with a number of other elders in building a new faculty home at the L. D. S. Maori Agricultural College. The group shows the largest number of elders from Salt Lake City that have ever assembled in the New

Zealand mission at one time. These elders are doing splendid work and their faithful labors are doing much to build up this mission. Top row, left to right: Walter T. Patrick, George Ford Fairbourne, C. Tregeagle, C. A. Hancock; second row: Walter Smith, Sister and A. R. W. Hintze and daughter, Douglas Romney; front row: Arthur Wilkinson, Mathew Cowley.

#### ELDERS OF THE MICHIGAN CONFERENCE

Back row, left to right: D. M. Marble, Deweyville, Utah; C. A. Jensen, Cardston, Canada; Forris A. Weeks, Vernal, Utah; Archie Q. Hale, Oakley, Idaho; Erwin D. Bailey, Salt Lake City; W. G. McMullin, Leeds; Wayne M. Atwood, Salt Lake City, Utah; middle row: Sister Alice J. Laws, Tremonton; Evan L. Aiken, Spring City, Utah;



Edward Brown, Globe, Arizona; Sister Ellsworth, President German E. Ellsworth; Guy B. Rose, conference president, Logan, Utah; Sister Elizabeth Berg, Davenport, Iowa; front row: F. G. Slough, Vernal; P. L. Cloward, Salem, Utah; George W. Hox, Chicago, Ill.; J. Leonard Love and George L. Woodbury, Salt Lake City, Utah.

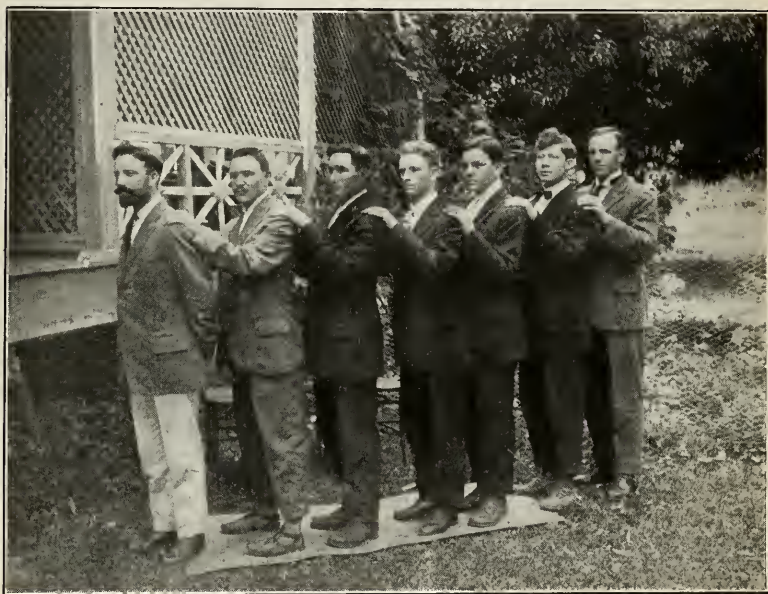
#### RAIN, WIND AND EARTHQUAKE

Elder John A. Nelson, Jr., president of the Samoan mission, writes under date of May 6: "The prospects were never more bright for the growth of the Lord's work in the Samoan mission. Although rain, wind and earthquake have caused the lose of life and much property, during the last few months, we must acknowledge the hand of the Lord in it all. The island of Manu'a was entirely laid desolate during the first part of January. The enclosed letter from the governor of American Samoa refers to this calamity. It will be remembered that the people of Manu'a have been very much adverse to the teach-

ings of the Latter-day Saint missionaries having driven them from the island time and time again. They made a covenant with their dying king, many years ago, that no more than one church would ever be permitted on the island. A few honest souls, however, have desired to join the true Church of Christ but have refrained because of this oath. It is suggested now that most of the people come to this island, Tutuila, to avoid starvation. If such be the case the oath undoubtedly will be broken and the people will be free to choose aright." The governor's letter follows:

"Office of the Governor, American Samoa,  
"Pago Pago, May 10th, 1915.

"MY DEAR MR. TITZENOR:—The *Princeton* returned from Manu'a Friday night with the report that conditions in Manu'a are very discouraging. Worms have completely destroyed the new taro planted on which we counted to restore the people of Manu'a to a self-supporting basis. As over one-third of the money that the government



Elders left to right: John A. Nelson, President of the Samoan Mission, Cardston, Canada; Joseph V. Nelson, Conference clerk, Salt Lake City, Utah; Clarence J. Sharp, Preston, Idaho; Joseph A. Ransom, Cleveland, Idaho; Clyde M. Ferrin, Salt Lake City, Utah; Tanner L. Brown, Cardston, Canada; and J. Garfield Bastow, President of the Savaii Conference, Logan, Utah.

gave me for the relief of the people of Manu'a has been expended during the four months we have been feeding them, I am confronted with a serious problem.

"Even if the new taro crop, which is being planted, should mature without further trouble with the worms, I will not be able to care for



them during the time necessary for the maturity of this crop. It has been suggested to me that a large portion of the people of Manu'a be brought to this island, and leave in Manu'a only enough people to clear the grounds, plant and take care of the new taro crop.

"If this plan is adopted, I will be glad to have your co-operation and assistance in taking care of the people of Manu'a whom it may be necessary to bring here.

"Very sincerely yours,

"J. M. FOYER,

"Governor.

"Elder-in-Charge, L. D. S. Mission, Pago Pago."

#### ELDERS OF THE TUTUILA CONFERENCE

Right to left, standing: Mission President J. A. Nelson; Warren L. Smith, Canada; Grover Peterson, Lyman, Idaho; Conference President, F. E. Titensor, Cove; Horace B. Brown, Ogden, Utah; A. L. Archibald, Canada; sitting, Cinda Smedley, C. W. Smedley, Syracuse,



Utah; Willard L. Smith, Sister Jennie L. Smith, Canada; in front, H. O. Anderson, Koosharem and Joseph A. Ransom, Cleveland, Idaho; baby of Brother and Sister Smith.

#### "UTAH'S BEST ADVERTISEMENT"

The picture represents Lawrence Sloan, son of Thomas W. Sloan of Salt Lake City, and Allen S. Tingey, son of Bishop Tingey of the Seventeenth Ward, who are laboring in New York. It was Elder Sloan, who, some weeks ago, with another companion, Elder Parkinson, called at the Mt. Sinai Hospital, to see Dr. David B. Anderson. The latter wrote of the call as follows, under date of April 25:



"I told you, I believe, that I had received some pamphlets from the Bureau of Information about Utah and the 'Mormons,' in response



to a written request, for the benefit of a Dr. Bruckheimer, who has become interested in the West. I got the pamphlets about a week ago. Day before yesterday two young fellows came to the hospital here and inquired for me. I went down and they gave me their cards. They were a Mr. Sloan from Salt Lake City, and a Mr. Parkinson from Franklin, Idaho, — 'Mormon' missionaries. They said that my name had been sent to them by the Bureau of Information as an inquirer about

Utah, and that they would gladly tell me anything they could about Utah and its people. I told them, yes, I was very much interested in Utah and its people, but I didn't think there was anything they could tell me either about the place or the people; because, besides having read much upon the subject, I had been born and reared in Utah! You should have seen their looks of surprise when I told them! They were good looking chaps, very well dressed, with an address that bespoke honesty and fearlessness. Elder Sloan left me a photo album of views in and about Salt Lake, the equal of which I have never before seen. I have been showing it to everybody in the hospital. I invited the boys to come back to talk with me again at their leisure. Such chaps as they are the best advertisements Utah can have. As Elbert Hubbard says, in a news clipping I am enclosing, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

# Priesthood Quorums' Table

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## Suggestive Outlines for the Deacons

BY P. JOSEPH JENSEN

CLEAR THINKING

The other day I observed a boy *reciting* what he had read. He was relying wholly on his memory. Now and then, he would glance at his book to recall the links in the chain of the history. The boy was burdening himself by trying to store up the account he had read. He had not thought, he had only tried to remember.

Lessons 29-32 offer a very good opportunity to get the boys to think clearly. For example, the Church, like the home, has its business obligations. Help the boys to see that clearly. How has the Lord provided for the meeting of those obligations? Again, the government of the United States and the several states guarantee certain rights which the boys and their parents enjoy. Among them are the rights to our homes and to live in them; of having our lives protected; to worship the Lord as we choose, provided other people's rights are not interfered with. In the light of these laws, what are some Missourians guilty of?

### LESSON 29

(Last paragraph of Chapter XXVI)

Problem: How the Church meets its business obligations.

About what does it cost to keep each one of you for a year? In clothing? In food? For housing? For school? Who pays those bills? How much time do your parents devote to earn the family's living?

Name ten or more things for which the Church has to pay money. Why would the Church, at Far West, in the year 1838, have extra heavy expense? How did the Lord tell the Prophet to raise the money for meeting the expenses of the Church?

Study the chapter, and also section 119 in the Doctrine and Covenants. What were the Saints who gathered to the land of Zion to do with their property? What promises were founded on the keeping of this law? To what other places was this law to be applied?

Answer the problem.

What are you doing to observe this law?

### LESSON 30

(Chapter XXVII)

Problem: What unlawful acts did some people of Missouri do to the Saints?

Study the following quotation, and chapter 27 in the text book. Tell where the quotation is taken from:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

What is it stated in the quotation that provided the twelve men with the right to vote?

What was the course pursued to deprive them of that right?

What is the work of a justice of the peace? What did Adam Black do that stirred up trouble? What is the duty of the governor of a state? What did Governor Boggs do to restore peace? What was the result of the governor's action? What is a mob? What did the mob do?

Answer the problem of the lesson.

### LESSON 31

#### (Chapter XXVIII)

Problem: Same as in Lesson 30.

Review what the justices, governor, and mob respectively did as stated in the last lesson.

What ought the legislators, ministers, soldiers generals and governor to have done? What, in the quotation of the former lesson, indicates that they ought to preserve order? What did they do?

Study the chapter.

Is it lawful to defend one's property, life and rights? Give evidence.

State what this chapter records that answers the problem of the lesson.

### LESSON 32

#### (Chapter XXIX)

Problem: Same as Lesson 30.

Review the main points of Lessons 30 and 31.

Study chapter 29.

What unexpected enemies did the Saints have to deal with now? Why was it unlawful to try the prophet by court-martial? What rights indicated in the quotation of Lesson 30 were the Saints deprived of? What power made the Prophet's rebuke so effective with the guard?

Tell in a general way what rights our government guarantees its people. State several specific things in which the people of Missouri disregarded that guarantee.

### Ward Teaching

It is often said that ward teaching, during the summer, and especially in country wards, cannot be effectively accomplished. The following report of President Joseph R. Shepherd of ward teaching in the Bear Lake stake of Zion, for the month of June, 1915, shows the contrary, almost to perfection. The date of the monthly meeting was June 20. Note the number of teachers who attended that meeting:

WARD	Number families in ward	Number families visited	Per cent of families visited	Number ward teachers	Number teachers attending report meetings
Bennington .....	51	51	100	12	6
Bern .....	27	27	100	10	5
Bloomington .....	106	106	100	30	15
Dingle .....	79	79	100	27	11
Fish Haven .....	42	42	100	12	8
Garden City .....	71	55	77	24	8
Geneva .....	28	28	100	12	10
Georgetown .....	99	99	100	30	21
Laketown .....	51	51	100	18	13
Lanark .....	31	31	100	12	5
Liberty .....	44	44	100	24	17
Montpelier 1st.....	164	164	100	53	18
Montpelier 2nd.....	158	158	100	39	19
Nounan .....	37	35	98	10	9
Ovid .....	44	44	100	14	6
Paris 1st .....	110	110	100	37	13
Paris 2nd .....	117	117	100	35	15
Raymond .....	28	21	75	8	7
Round Valley .....	12	12	100	4	3
St. Charles .....	123	123	100	44	28
Sharon .....	28	28	100	10	5
Wardboro .....	37	37	100	14	7
Totals and Percentage....	1,487	1,462	98	479	249

Fred J. Price,  
Stake Clerk.



THREE GENERATIONS



# Mutual Work

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## Athletic and Scout Work



### Life Scout

Among our scout officials who have earned merit badges is Assistant Scout Master Frank J. Kirby, of Troop No. 1, Sugar City, Idaho. During the past winter Brother Kirby has been doing very efficient work with his boys. He is now a life scout, which means that he has passed in first aid physical development, personal health, life saving, and pioneering. Besides these he has taken out seventeen other merit badges.

### Merit Badge Requirements

We appreciate the efforts which a number of our scout officials are making in passing through the First Class test, as well as the merit-badge work. We realize that these efforts are a big help to the scout master in developing this work among his boys. We would suggest, however, that these merit-badge requirements are provided principally for the boys. Where scout officials receive merit badges they should not be worn conspicuously, or to any great extent, because in many instances it will have a tendency to discourage the younger boys from working for these badges, feeling that such things are too advanced for them. A merit-badge certificate would perhaps be recognition sufficient for the scout official. The National Organization, in permitting others than the boy scouts to take out these badges does so primarily for the purpose of giving some inducement for the scout officials to prepare themselves to help the boys to become efficient in scout activities.

## Stake Work

### Enunciation!

Some wag, thinking of the M. I. A. contest requirements in public speaking, music and story-telling, has submitted the following to the ERA as he says, "without rates." He evidently considers that there is still great need of "enunciation" as a point of judgment in our contests. He titles his contribution thus. "Whut Langwidge Iz Zis?"

"Lo, Bill."

"Lo, Steve."

"Where yuh goin'?"

"Home."

"Whuffor?"

"T' eat supper."

"Cummin' t' Muchool t'night?"

"Uh-huh."

"Goin' int' th' public speakin' contest agin'?"

"Uh-huh."

"Did'n' win out th' las' time, didja?"

"Huh-uh."

"Whazzamatter?"

"Aw, those judges said my enunciashun wuzzn't up t' standard."

"Aw, they're crazy, Bill."

"Swut I think, too. Well, s'long, Steve."

"S'long, Bill."

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Elders of the Liverpool Conference, British Mission, Jan. 1, 1915: Back row, left to right: George H. Cook, Milo, Ben F. Hulme, Bloomington, Idaho; Clifford Gerrard, Taylorsville (Nottingham conference), Harold S. Lambert, Kamas, William C. Whyte, Holliday, Clarence J. Woods, Provo, J. Earl Bent, Salt Lake City, Lester C. Pocock, Tooele, J. Ensign Riggs, Kanab, Raymond S. Knight, Salt Lake City, Alfred J.



Theurer, Providence, Utah. Second row: Vern C. Woolley, Grantsville, C. LeRoy Madsen, Salt Lake City (conference clerk), Oscar J. Hendry, Wellsville, Aubrey O. Andelin, Provo, Utah (outgoing conference president); Niels J. Anderson, Cardston, Alberta, Canada; Lafayette Giles, Heber City. Front row: Walter J. Cannon, St. George, Seymour E. Christensen, Ephraim, Utah; Cleveland Curtis, Thatcher, Arizona; A. Hulme Nebeker, Logan (incoming conference president); Thomas Peterson, Preston, Idaho.

## Passing Events

---

A violent wind and rain storm extended from Nebraska to Ohio, on the morning of the 8th of July. There was a destruction of property amounting to over a million dollars, and many lives lost—thirty-two persons being killed in Cincinnati.

The manufacturers of the Ford automobile announced, on the 18th of June, that they had perfected a farm tractor that will sell for less than \$200. This tractor will reduce the cost of farm production from one-third to one-half. It is announced that the construction of these tractors will begin at once in factories which are intended to turn out a million every year. They can be hitched to any vehicle and be driven like horses.

Robert Lansing, Watertown, New York, was appointed, June 23, by Prest. Wilson, to succeed Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State. Mr. Lansing succeeded John Bassett Moore as counselor in the department, in March, 1914, and was acting secretary after the resignation of Mr. Bryan. He is fifty-one years of age, a graduate of Amherst college, and a lawyer by profession. His writings on international law have attracted wide attention.

Ray S. Sheets, brother of Bishop Edwin S. Sheets of this city, and a young man of about twenty-seven years, died in Laporte, Indiana, June 24. Bishop Sheets went east for the body, and the funeral services were held June 30 in the Eighth ward chapel, Salt Lake City. Bishop O. F. Hunter presided, and Horace S. Ensign and a male quartet sang. The speakers were Bishop Sheets, Harrison Sperry, Judge Le Grande Young and Bishop O. F. Hunter.

An earthquake in the Imperial Valley, Lower California, June 24, created havoc in a number of towns, and damaged buildings which represented a property loss of one million five hundred thousand dollars. Eight people were reported killed and twenty injured. The great southern California irrigation system, strange to say, escaped serious damage. The many earthquake shocks are attributed to disturbances at Black Butte, an extinct volcano at the head of Volcano lake, in southern California, which was greatly disturbed.

Settlement of claims for American cotton on the steamships "Decido" and "Livonia," which were seized several months ago by the British government while in transit to Germany, has been made at the rate of 10 cents a pound, so it was announced on the 11th of June by the British government. These are the first settlements out of many cases pending. Others will be settled as soon as the ownership can be definitely determined. There were twenty-six cargoes of two hundred thousand bales in all, detained in March and April.

General Victoriano Huerta was arrested on June 27 at Neuman, New Mexico, near El Paso, charged with violating the neutrality laws by planning in this country a military movement in Mexico. General Pascual Orozco was also arrested, but both were released on bonds, and Orozco later escaped. It is said they were about to cross the Rio Grand river where General Salazar was to join them and that from Ciudad Juarez they were to move southward. Their hearing was to be held in the Federal court at El Paso, July 12. The governor of Chihuahua asked the United States for the extradition of Huerta, July 2 on a charge of implication in the murder of President Madero.

**General Porfirio Diaz**, for about thirty-five years dictator and master of Mexico, and its resigned ex-president, died in Paris, July 2, 1915. He resigned in favor of De la Barra, May 25, 1911, owing to the revolution of Francisco I. Madero, Jr., and secretly left the capital for Europe. He lived in Paris and other European cities in virtual exile since then, a silent witness to the plague of revolution and bloodshed which has followed for over four years in the land he so long peacefully ruled. He was born of Spanish parents with an infusion of Indian blood, in 1830. After conquering, in 1867, the factions then as now existing, he was elected president in 1877, and re-elected eight terms, the last being in July, 1910.

**Prohibition scored a victory** in Utah, at the special election on the 29th of June. Every formerly "dry" city in the state of Utah, where special liquor elections were held, elected to remain "dry," with one exception, where the vote was a tie. This exception was Gunnison, Sanpete county, where the "drys" and the "wets" received 163 votes each. The cities that remain "dry" are Provo, Logan, Smithfield, Richmond, and Marysvale. Farmington also went "dry" by a vote of 147 to 50. Milford, in Beaver county, came within eight of going "dry," where the "dry" vote was 201 and the "wet" 209, which is considered a big victory for the "drys." It is now the only place in Beaver county where the saloon may exist. Logan surprised even the most hopeful of the prohibition party who anticipated a majority of 400, but when the vote was counted found that the figures swelled to more than 1,000.

**The note of President Wilson to Mexico**, in which the warring factions were requested to get together and establish a government, was replied to by both Carranza and Villa by letter and by personal representatives to Washington. Each indicated that there was a possibility of an agreement between the warring factions, though Villa took the ground that the United States has no right to interfere in the internal affairs of Mexico. It was later learned, however, that Carranza refused to consider the proposals of the United States government concerning a settlement of the chaotic situation in Mexico. On June 18, four of Carranza's cabinet members resigned, and it was reported that Carranza thought it best to retire to Vera Cruz to the fortress of San Juan de Ulma. President Wilson's plan is for the selection of some Mexican, on whom the parties can agree, to act as provisional president, and Carranza has agreed to step aside when this can be done. On the 23rd of June it was reported that General Gonzales, at the head of Carranza's army, was about to occupy Mexico City. Some trouble resulted in Sonora on account of the revolt of the Yaqui Indians, and the American settlers in Sonora being in peril, the "Colorado," "Chattanooga" and "Raleigh," battleships, were dispatched to Guymas with a landing force of 1400 men, under orders to land in case General Maytorena's troops were unable to repress the Indians. Admiral Howard is in command of the squadron. The Americans in the Yaqui Valley are said to be well armed. Mexico is facing a general famine.

**Gerald C. Anderson**, the young man who used to meet people in the business office of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, and in his kindly, courteous manner, attend to their wants, will be forever missed from his accustomed table. He died in Los Angeles, June 21, 1915. Gerald, as he was familiarly known, began his connection with the ERA office in the fall of 1908. The summer of 1910 he spent in California for his health. When he returned, he was assistant desk clerk in the Deseret Gymnasium for a few months, until December, 1912, when he



went back to the ERA office. Gerald C. Anderson was the son of Nephi Anderson and Asenath Tillotson. He was born in Ogden, Utah, June 18, 1890—and around that date cluster some of the most important events of his life. He was baptized on his eighth birthday by his father, in Brigham, Utah, where the family had moved. There he attended the public schools, and was a student in Box Elder's first high school. He was ordained a teacher in the Priesthood, November 22, 1905, by Elder C. Elias Jensen. On the removal of the family to Salt Lake City, in 1906, he entered the L. D. S. High School where his father was teaching; but owing to a severe attack of heart trouble and rheumatism, which affected him ever after, he had to discontinue his schooling. He was ordained an elder, June 17, 1910, by his father. On June 18, 1913, he married Ethel L. Symons, daughter of Charles W. Symons, in the Salt Lake Temple. Gerald frequently said that if he could manage to die on June 18, that date would be well fixed with his earthly career. That date came with peculiar feelings to his wife and father, who were attending him during his last illness; but he kept up his fight for life three days more. Gerald held no important public positions, he made no big mark in the world. He had to husband his little bodily strength, so he could not accept some of the positions of trust offered him. For nearly ten years, it was a fight for life with him, and he made the struggle bravely, and always with a cheerful spirit, and with faith in God. Many times during that period was he near death's door, but he was never afraid. Though not a profound student of books, yet he had a clear knowledge of the truth, and he seemed to know intuitively, the big fundamentals of the gospel as depicted in his father's "Added Upon." As a boy, and as a young man, he was clean and pure. He was not ignorant of the world's sins, but innocent of them. No one ever heard him tell "smutty" stories, and he had no pleasure in listening to them. A few hours before he died, the attendant physician, seeking for something that would act as a stimulant, asked him if he liked lager beer. "I don't know," he said, "I have never tasted it." He leaves a daughter, Helen, fourteen months old, and a wife—a sweet, brave woman who has the big, comprehensive view of life, and who knows that this world is but a prelude to the eternal worlds, where her husband, freed from his earthly handicap, is planning and working for their eternal kingdom of glory.



GERALD C. ANDERSON

**The Great War.**—The great war continues in each of the zones with uninterrupted activity. The participation of Italy created active operations in the south, where it appears, the soldiers of Italy won con-

siderable ground, although on the 8th of July they were reported to have lost seriously in one of the great actions. The Russians continued to be driven back in Galicia, Field Marshal August von Mackensen, a lieutenant of Hindenberg's, being credited in the official German reports with the masterful leadership of the great Austro-German armies which relieved Hungary and swept the Russians nearly completely out of eastern Galicia and back into their own territory. An airship raid in the North sea by the British was a failure. A United States firm in early July received an order for 150 swift boats to be used in the North Sea, and in the war zone, for the destruction of German submarines. These boats will be able to sail fifty miles an hour. The effort of the Allies to force the Dardanelles continued without apparent great headway, and with great loss of life and property. The blockade by sea which restricts the commerce of the world and condemns millions to hunger, still continues.

June 9.—The United States replied to Germany's note of May 30, maintaining that the sinking of passenger ships by German submarines without warning violates the principles of humanity and all law. The note plainly asked for assurances that measures will be adopted to safeguard American lives and ships. Premier Asquith announced that the casualties in the British armies, on the continent and on the Mediterranean, from the beginning of the war to the end of May, totaled 50,342 killed, 153,980 wounded, and 53,747 missing.

June 11.—Italian troops completed the occupation of Gradisca, north of Monfalcone. The German armies under General von Mackensen renewed their offensive movements in Galicia and took Russian possessions along a front of forty-three miles.

June 15.—The British House of Commons voted a billion, two hundred fifty million dollars for war expenditures, and Premier Asquith stated that the war is now costing Great Britain fifteen million dollars a day. The war appropriations, up to this one, aggregate four billion, three hundred and ten million dollars.—The second night raid on the northeast coast of England was made by a German zeppelin, and sixteen persons were killed by bombs.—French aviators dropped bombs in Karlsruhe, Germany, in retaliation.

June 16.—The Austrians are reported to have captured 122,400 Russians, many cannon and machine guns, between June 1 and 15.—At Souchez and other points north of Arras, the French carried some German trenches, by the use of nearly three hundred thousand shells, by artillery.

June 17.—The Italian submarine "Medusa" was torpedoed and sunk by an Austrian submarine.

June 18.—The Austro-German drive in Galicia has penetrated Russian territory at Tarnograde. The Russians issued a statement regarding their withdrawal in Galicia, maintaining that it was before superior numbers. Between May 29 and June 15, they state that the Austro-German losses were more than one hundred and twenty thousand men.—The Allies claim to possess ten square miles of the Gallipoli peninsula.—King Constantine of Greece is reported recovering his health.

June 19.—The French report further advances north of Arras and the British in Belgium pressed forward for short gains at various points.—The kaiser is reported to have assumed personal direction of the Galician campaign.

June 20.—The Italians in the Trieste region captured the heights of Plava, and the French in a drive toward Souchez gained three-fifths of a mile.

June 21.—The French claim the most brilliant victory for the

Allies since spring fighting began, in their winning of "The Labyrinth," a complicated series of trenches north of Neuville-St. Vaast, held heretofore with unshakable persistence by the Germans.—The British House of Commons voted a new war loan of five billions to cover possible deficits in the year.—The Cunard liner "Cameronia" attempts to ram a German submarine.

June 22.—The French report gains in Alsace and Lorraine.—Dunkirk is shelled by long range guns.—The Austro-German army in Galicia enters Lemburg, after a severe battle.

June 23.—The Allies capture Sondernach, a point of desperate contention in Alsace. This establishes a new line of advance toward the Rhine.

June 24.—The British cruiser "Rockburg" was injured by a torpedo.—The British note on the blockade was received at Washington.—It is announced from France that the total appropriations for the war from the beginning up to date is four billion eight hundred million dollars.

June 25.—It is announced that the British losses during the last two months have averaged two thousand a day.—The Italians continue to bombard Malbogette.

June 26.—The German Socialists publish an appeal for peace and "Vorwarts," the official organ of the social Democrats, was suspended for publishing the article advocating the opening of peace negotiations.

June 27.—The Germans made an attack north of Warsaw, and it was announced that Italy is about to enter war with Turkey.

June 28.—The "Armenian," with a loss of eleven Americans, was torpedoed and sunk off Cornwall, by a German submarine. The vessel, flying a British flag, was warned, offered resistance, and was sunk. It had a cargo of 1,422 mules from Newport News, U. S., to France.

June 29.—The Teutonic allies captured Tamaszow, in Russian Poland.

June 30.—Recent fighting in the Dardanelles has resulted in an advance by the Allies.—The "Scottish Monarch," a British steamer, was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine.

July 1.—The German forces reach Krasnick in the southern district of Russian Poland. July 2.—Three British steamers, "Inglemoor," "Caucasian" and "Wellbury," were sunk by a German submarine; also the British schooner "L. C. Tower."

July 3.—The Belgian steamship "Boguonat" and the British steamship "Gadsley" were torpedoed and sunk by German submarines.

July 5.—Jane Addams, Chairman of the International Congress of Women for Peace, arrived in New York. She says the people of Europe are ready for peace, but they have no choice but to go on.—The Norwegian bark "Fiery Cross," with six Americans aboard, was sunk off Scilly Islands.

July 6.—Notwithstanding the German drive in Galicia, Petrograd reports no apprehension for Warsaw, which bids fair to be protected.—The losses of the Allies in Arras are reported from Berlin to be fearful.

July 7.—The Italian armored cruiser "Amalfi" was torpedoed and sunk by an Austrian submarine.

July 8.—The government at Washington took over the Sayville, L. I., wireless station, the only direct means, privately operated, of direct communication between Germany and the United States. It will now be operated by naval forces.

July 10.—The German reply to the latest American communication realting to submarine warfare was made public, and the official text sent to Washington.

Elder Mathew F. Noall, Bristol, England, May 18: "We find the ERA a potent factor for extending good and its monthly visits are awaited with a great deal of interest."

Elder John A. Nelson, Jr., president of the Samoan mission, writes: "Of all the papers and magazines received in the mission field the IMPROVEMENT ERA is usually the first one read by the elders. Its pages are clean, inspiring and educational—just the kind for missionaries."

The story contest winners for June could not be made known in this number, owing to the difficulty of obtaining readers on account of so many being away on vacations. The result will be made known to the writers as soon as ascertained, and will be printed in the September ERA.

Earl S. Paul, Apia, Samoa, June 4: "We certainly enjoy reading the ERA. It has so many good articles in it, inspiring to all who read them. It is surely the missionaries' friend, and we welcome it each month as we would a friend. We are thankful to you for the efforts made in publishing such a good magazine."

C. W. Smedley, clerk of the Tutuilla conference, Samoa, writes: "The elders and sisters look forward to receiving and reading the ERA. There is so much good instruction along the lines of the gospel, so much of science and education and other interesting reading, that the elders look upon it as a source of general information. We pray for the blessings of the Lord on those who have the duty of preparing it for the readers."

## LET US LEAD THE WORLD

Utah was the scene of one of the most glorious episodes in American history. Men and women, our fathers and mothers, came to this land because here they could worship God and live their lives according to the strong faith which was within them. Ideals, not love of wealth or luxury, impelled them on. They conquered a land which appeared to the world at that time as unconquerable as appear today the rocky mountain sides which surround our valleys. We wisely cherish their memory. No future glory will ever dim their wonderful achievement.

Our task, now, under the blessings of modern science and the enlightenment of the arts, is to build upon these noble deeds of the past a history of progress which shall carry us to the world's front. We have a rich citizenship, sons and daughters of the Pioneers, and the many other thousands who came and are coming to the intermountain country to build homes.

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A letter is always welcome. Explain your hopes and ambitions; if you need help, and thousands of our best do need help, the College may be able to aid you. Write for a catalogue. Address:

**The President, Utah Agricultural College**  
Logan, Utah



Elder J. Garfield Bastow, conference president of the Savaii conference, Apia, Samoa, June 5: "Within the last few months we have started a new school of forty pupils, and hope to start another in a new village in the future. The Lord is thus opening up the way for the truth to be proclaimed. The elders and many of the white traders are very much interested in the good clean reading that the ERA contains."

## Improvement Era, August, 1915

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